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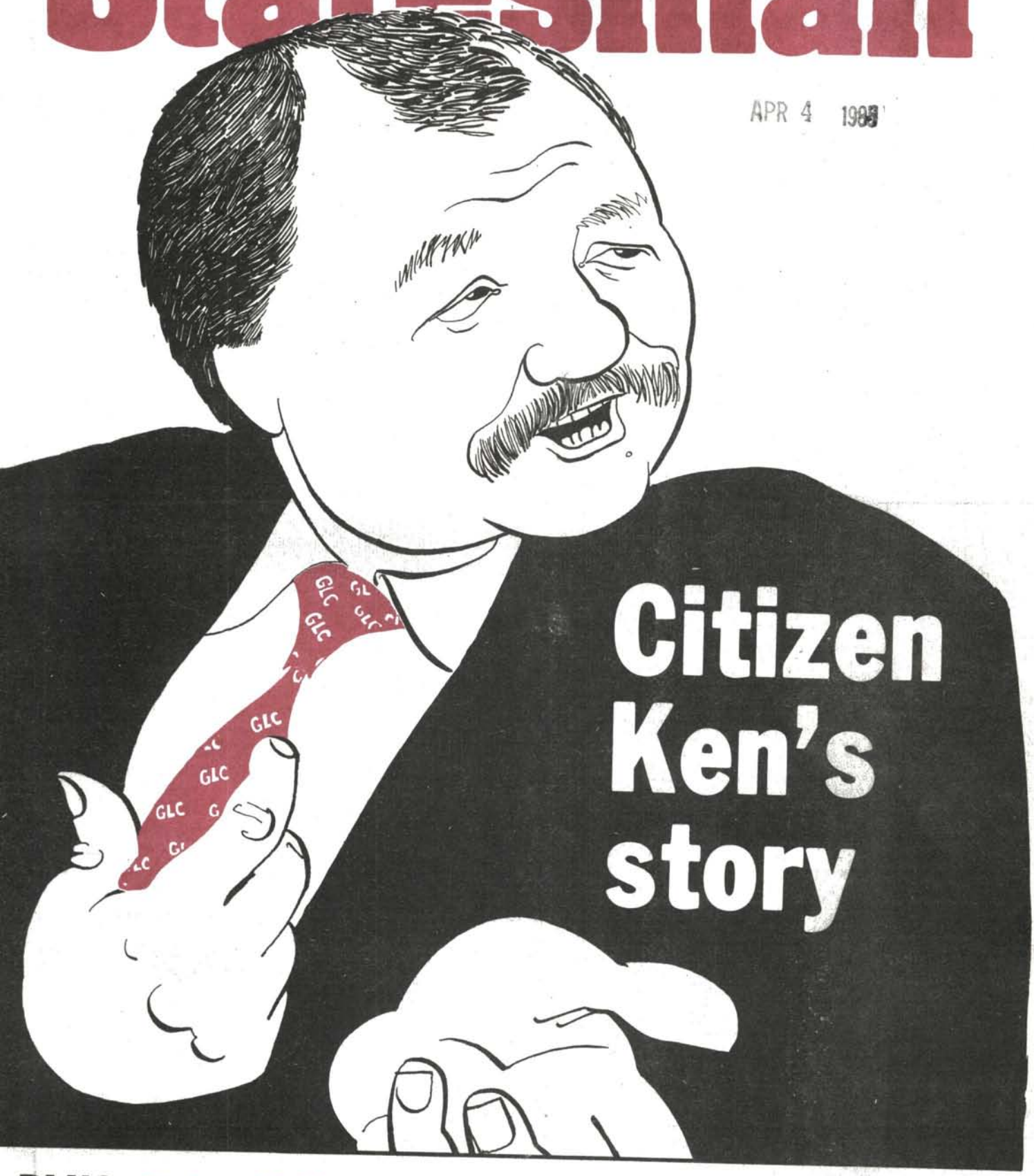

Citizen Ken's story

PLUS: Peter Kellner on miners' polls • Paul Foot's Mediawatch • TUC women • Books • Arts

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: John Minnion

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New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2818 22 March 1985

In place of economics

CHANCELLOR LAWSON'S first budget was hailed by the Westminster theatre critics as a *tour de force*. This week's second performance has confirmed that it was in fact just a sleight of hand. There was in fact no substnace to what was offered last year.

His story line is that the government is following a policy of bringing down inflation, in order to create 'real' economic expansion; that it is taking effective steps to encourage 'enterprise', in order to create 'real' jobs; and that it is engaged in a major progamme of tax reform, to create a fiscal framework more able to create 'real' jobs.

The reality revealed behind what the Tory sloganeers chose to call a 'Budget for jobs and enterprise' is that the government and the Treasury have no glimmer of a strategy for making any significant inroad into unemployment levels. When Mr Lawson said 'Our attack on the evil of unemployment is clear, coherent and strong' his words were pure cant. He had already given the real game away earlier when he had said: 'There is nothing sacrosanct about the precise mix of monetary and fiscal policies required to meet the objectives of the Medium-Term Financial Strategy. But this is not the year to make adjustments in either direction. The wisest course is to stick to our preannounced path.' Here was nothing but an unconvincing assertion that all is still really for the best, combined with a tired reassertion that There Is No Alternative.

Mr Lawson is a man of above average intelligence. Unlike some of his predecessors he is also numerate. Some part of him must be ashamed of the string of economic nonsequiturs cobbled together to form his budget speech. For only an ignorant or a cynical Chancellor could seriously suppose that anything announced this Tuesday will make a serious impact ón the 'scourge of unemployment'.

Let us follow through the more substantial of those confidently asserted non sequiturs. The first has been familiar to us since 1980. It is that the control of the supply of money in the economy is the key to reducing inflation. This assertion has become stale by repetition. There is no empirical evidence for it. The authorities have (thank God) consistently allowed money supply to overshoot targets, despite which inflation has come down, though the theory assumes that it should go up.

Yet despite the record of fact Chancellor Lawson can unblinkingly assert that: 'We have already shown that we are not afraid to take action, however, unpalatable, to keep the Medium-Term Financial Strategy on course in an unpredictable and uncertain world'. No one has been able even to suggest a mechanism by which monetarism pure and simple is supposed to work — but that, it seems, does not stop the discredited theory being trotted out once again as one of the 'two key components' of the Lawson budget strategy.

The second piece of theoretical nonsense has only recently been promoted to equality with monetarism as a 'key component' in the battle against inflation and for 'real' jobs — a 'supply side' policy designed to improve the performance of the British economy. This was the critical formulation of the new theory on Tuesday:

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> The supply side policy is rooted in a profound conviction, born of practical experience both at home and overseas, that the way to improve the economic performance and create more jobs is to encourage enterprise, efficiency and flexibility; to promote competition, deregulation and free markets; to press ahead with privatisation and to improve incentives.

This assertion is central to Lawsonomics. He uses it to beat down those, particularly within his own party, who have argued that certain kinds of increased public expenditure would have a larger impact on demand, and therefore on employment, than the equivalent amount of money given away in cuts in income tax. 'The case for lower taxation', he said 'rests on supply side policy: lower taxes will help to enhance incentives, eliminate distortions, improve the use of resources and heighten the spirit of enterprise'.

In that case, then, could we be shown the overwhelming weight of evidence 'of practical experience both at home and overseas' on which this profound conviction rests? Mr Lawson deliberately chose to speak as if at his back there was conclusive evidence of the strongly positive relationship between marginal tax rates and economic performance. This was fraudulent, because he knows that no such strong evidence exists.

Benign neglect is out

There were a dozen other points in this Budget where Lawson, the ex-financial journalist, would have had logical sport with Lawson, the Chancellor. In Lawsonomics until now free market forces have had a quasi-mystical sanctity, nowhere more so than in the question of settling the 'correct' exchange rate for sterling. But here on Tuesday we had the Chancellor eating his words and confessing that he had in practice found that 'significant movements' can have a 'short-term impact' which 'can acquire a momentum of its own, making sound internal policies harder to implement'. If the Chancellor has been driven to admit that in this area 'benign neglect is not an option', why is it that government intervention is invalid in other markets and fields of economic activity?

Or take the sacred cow of the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement. Lawson's plan in 1985 insisted that it should come down to £7 billion. In the event, mainly because of the effects of the miners' strike, it will be well over £10 billion. On Tuesday we were given the following line of 'argument'. It was right in 1984-5 to keep the economy going throughout the coal strike by borrowing, rather than by financing it out of taxation, thus in effect spreading the cost over a number of years. 'But it is now necessary to return to the path I outlined last year . . . This means that, for the coming year, a substantial reduction in the PSBR must take precedence over our objectives for reducing the burden of tax.'

Mr Lawson, it appears, did not feel any need to explain why it should have been that an actual PSBR in the current year some 45 per cent higher than his target appeared to have had no effect on inflation; nor any need to explain why, if it is all right to borrow to spread the cost of an economically sterile national tragedy like the miners' strike, it is not sound policy to do so for productive national investment; nor to explain why other comparable industrial countries appear to live comfortably and do better industrially with much higher public borrowing requirements than our own. It was just asserted that 'it is now necessary to return to the path I outlined last year'.

Tax reformer is out

So much for Lawson, the economist. But what of Lawson, the great tax-reformer? He seems to have virtually disappeared. After the 1984 budget the Lawson publicity machine mapped out great changes in the years to come. The scope of VAT would be widened in order to make room for more reductions in income tax and multiple rates would be introduced, so that it would be possible to bring into the tax net more politically sensitive items. In the event he seems to have been stopped in his tracks by industry lobbying so vigorous that he has chosen to declare in advance that the government does not intend to propose any further increase in the coverage of VAT in the lifetime of this Parliament.

The result is that he has been driven to raise his required extra indirect taxes mainly on cigarettes, drink and car tax. There is a limit to what these excise duties can raise in extra money to finance his income tax cuts in future years. He is thus painted into a corner. For, if the coverage of VAT cannot be extended, the only way to raise more money is to increase the 15 per cent rate. But that would go straight onto the inflation rate via a mechanism which, unlike monetarism, is plain for all to understand. As the next election gets closer a Chancellor who puts up the rate of inflation in order to finance tax cuts for those with higher incomes may not be popular with his party.

Intense interest group lobbying has also blocked the progress that Lawson said in 1984 he wanted to make in personal taxation. His plan was to reduce the effective tax paid by those with above average earnings, but to offset this by reducing or doing away with the allowances against tax for pension contributions, mortgage payments and the like. At the very least, he wanted to start by limiting the relief to a standard rate of tax. All of this seems now to have shrunk to a promise of a Green Paper on the subject of seperate taxation of wives' and husbands' earnings.

Even as a right-wing free market tax reformer, it seems, Lawson is going to be denied a place in budget history. □

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VAT ON ADS IS A BLOW TO COMMUNITY PAPERS

SERIOUS DAMAGE to the information services and general 'community access' function of specialist smaller newspapers — and to their implied political role on behalf of their readerships — is anticipated from the 15 per cent VAT levy on advertising revenue. JOLYON JENKINS reports

THE CHANCELLOR'S extension of VAT at 15 per cent to newspapers' and periodicals' advertising revenue in this Tuesday's Budget is grossly discriminatory, in a covert way, against the 'alternative' press which services populations whose concerns are omitted or distorted in the mainstream media. It would be too hasty merely to breath a sigh of relief that VAT wasn't extended to cover prices.

In general, though by no means in all cases, 'alternative' papers are less dependent on advertising as a proportion of total revenue than are consumer, trade and technical, or women's glossy magazines. But 'minority presses' do tend to be disproportionately significant to small advertisers unable eventually to claim VAT back (ie advertisers with annual turnover of less than — since Tuesday — £19,500, and accordingly not VAT-registered).

Such small advertisers face a substantial increase for appearing in 'alternative' outlets — and this hits the communities they usually exist to serve. Lillian Landor of the feminist paper *Outwrite* (already faced with a possible financial crisis if the GLC is abolished) fears for the impact on service to readers: 'A lot of our advertisements are for things like courses, job and community centres, together with one-person businesses'.

Many of the advertisements in the prime weekly newspaper for gays and lesbians in the London area, *Capital Gay* (a free paper), come from the big VAT-registered clubs, but it has always tried to provide a service to smaller enterprises with concessionary rates: '15 per cent is a lot of money for voluntary organisations, small clubs, pubs, fund-raising ads — this kicks us in one of the areas we've always tried to keep open'.

The *Caribbean Times* is another paper in the 'alternative' area to draw substantial revenue from advertising (75-80 per cent of income). It is under pressure not to increase the cover price, held at 20p for three years. Editor Arif Ali says he'd be very unwilling to put up the price in any case, because so many of his readers are unemployed or on low incomes.

Again, much of the advertising comes from non-VAT registered individuals and organisations to which the paper gives concessionary rates. Ali cites small shipping agents, hairdressers and West Indian clubs as being among those who could suffer.

It would no doubt be too cynical to suggest that the Chancellor wants to tax the press as a way of introducing a system of *de facto* licensing and control. All the same, a disappearance of some dissenting voices would be a convenient side-effect for him. ●

S London — the axe now hovers

JUST LIKE the miners' strike — the deepest impression left by eight months occupation of the South London Hospital for women, with bailiffs hourly expected, is the extraordinary achievement possible from self-help in emergency.

Attracting about 60 women at any one time, the occupation has turned wards into an alternative health centre, battered women's refuge and centre for women with social and emotional problems, since the last in-patients left in 1984.

There have been weekly classes ranging from acrobatics to natural healing; free pregnancy testing, yoga, relaxation, and massage and homeopathy; and six conferences on women's health, the last one on Saturday just before the present eviction order came into effect.

The women have barricaded hospital entrances and blocked up windows in readiness for bailiffs (expected any day from Sunday). Wandsworth health authority turned off the heating last week after the last out-patients clinic closed. And water supplies to the building, on the corner of Clapham Common, were stopped this Monday.

The eviction is the final stage in a two-year campaign to save the 170-bed South London, Europe's last women's general hospital to be run by women, after the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson in North London lost its general beds.

Sarah Booker

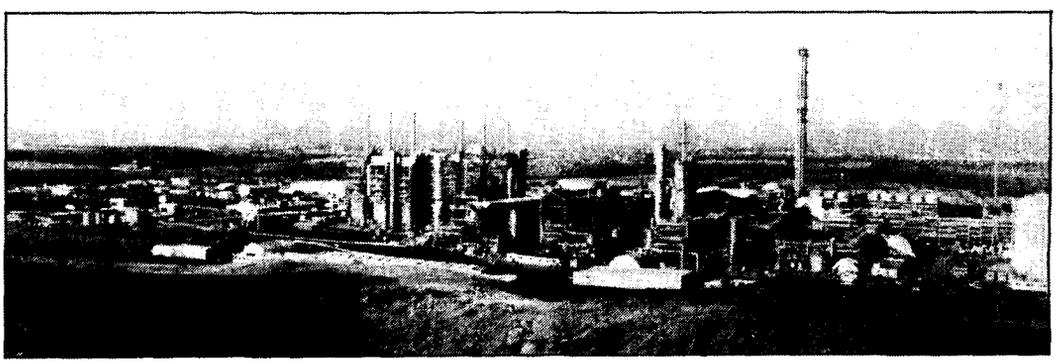
All the eight months creativity now at peak moment of threat

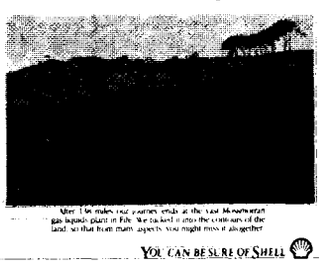
The health authority is closing it to save £2 million to help meet Government spending cuts, but says it obtained a court order to end the occupation in order to lay hands on patients' medical reports and equipment in the building. The women say the authority can fetch what they want. The authority has no plans for the building — and doesn't even know who owns the freehold of part of it.

Jane Pickard

Shell-shock in a Fifeshire landscape

WONDERFUL what a good ad agency can do for you — and win prizes, inspiring others to rush forward wanting their own *campaign. Scottish Friends of the Earth have been digging into Ogilvy & Mather's famous 'landscape' job for Shell. STEVE ELSWORTH reports*





THE AD LEFT was pushed so hard last year that it probably has a place in the national subconscious. It was part of a Shell campaign about the protection of the countryside, and refers to the new gas liquids plant in Mossmorran, Fife. A ploughed field is capped with a small clump of trees. . . 'we were eager,' warbles the copy in the full version of the ad, 'that the new Mossmorran plant's presence should be of minimum disturbance to the natural environment. . . wherever possible, the plant is tucked into the contours of the countryside. . . from many aspects, you could be quite near and not even spot it.' Friends of the Earth Scotland sent a photographer to find out what was going on: he reported that the Shell photo had been taken a kilometre away from the complex's perimeter fence, from behind *a nearby hill. The photo he took from the crown of the hill — ABOVE — represents less than half the spread of Mossmorran. Scottish FoE have complained vigorously to the Advertising Standards Authority, pointing out that the plant is visible over a wide area of SW Fife, with the tallest chimneys visible from Edinburgh, 10 miles away. This is especially so when 200 ft flames are shot into the air from the chimney-tops. 'You can't say a project is environmentally acceptable,' says FoE campaigner Andy Kerr, 'just by taking a picture of the nearest convenient hill'. Apparently, however, you can. The Shell campaign has been extremely successful, and in February this year was awarded the Creative Circle Silver award. Other organisations have taken note. British Nuclear Fuels Limited are embarking on a £1 million advertising campaign to clean up their environmental image, and are looking at a shortlist of three advertising agencies. One of these — Ogilvy and Mather — is the firm that handled the Shell account. . .* ●

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ACID UK RESPONSE TO CURBS ON CAR FUMES

BRITAIN is set to block European efforts to cut car pollution at this week's meeting of European environment ministers, as a result of pressure from motor manufacturers. MICK HAMER reports

ON MONDAY Britain's representative, William Waldegrave, junior environment minister, ducked out of a meeting with European environmentalists rather than face their wrath.

West Germany, concerned about the widespread destruction of its forests from acid rain, is pushing for tougher pollution controls. Some of the acid rain comes from car exhausts. (Cars emit four main pollutants: carbon monoxide, nitrogen oxides, hydrocarbons, and the lead which is added to petrol).

The West Germans' tough pollution standards mean that cars would have to use a catalytic converter. In this device the exhaust gases are passed over a catalyst which reduces the output of carbon monoxide, nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons. Catalytic converters have been common in the USA since the 1960s.

However, the lead in petrol very quickly coats the catalyst, and stops it working — so lead also has to be removed from petrol if the West German standards are to be met. So West Germany wants its ban on lead. The motor industry claims that catalytic converters would cost £500. Johnson Matthey, which makes them, says they would cost £50.

West Germany interior minister Friedrich Zimmermann toured European capitals last autumn to discuss his proposals, but when he met environment secretary Patrick Jenkin, Jenkin backed the motor industry line.

Britain is seeking to pin its faith on a 'lean burn' engine to cut pollution. Ford is expected to produce a prototype this summer. However lean burn engines, good at controlling carbon monoxide, aren't so good at reducing nitrogen oxides, and no good for hydrocarbons.

Not only are catalytic converters better at curbing pollution but they'll produce quicker relief. The West Germans want converters fitted to all new cars by 1989, and with very little effort converters could also be fitted to the current stock of cars. ●

Lagos seizes Soyinka film

NIGERIAN playwright Wole Soyinka has had his first feature film seized by the Nigerian Security Organisation in Lagos. The film Blues for a Prodigal, *had been passed for two showings at the National Theatre but members of the security organisation turned up for the first showing, and insisted on seeing it first.*

In an interview with the Nigerian Punch, *Wole Soyinka says he fulfilled all the conditions specified by the National Census Board for the production of films: 'The action of the security agents is nothing but a slap in the face of Nigerian artists who want to create films that are relevant to our national needs as opposed to Indian and cowboy films.' He's now threatening to sue.*

Ben Okri

Was Leeds Castle meet bad for blacks?

A LEEDS CASTLE meeting of 7-8 March that was closed to the press and presided over by Edward Heath is being seen by some as effectively undercutting the US anti-apartheid lobby calling for disinvestment in South Africa.

Twenty-eight executives representing 18 British, US and South African multinationals had responded to invitations issued by Heath on behalf of Rev Leon Sullivan, the black pastor of Zion Baptist church Philadelphia, who has been a director of General Motors for the last 13 years.

Sullivan authored the *Sullivan code*, which seeks to regulate activities of US multinationals in South Africa and has recently been strengthened, requiring signatories to campaign actively on issues such as forced population removals, influx control, family housing for black workers, and an official 'hands-off' policy towards black unions.

It seems Sullivan (and Heath) are looking for agreement by British multinationals to a similar code, rather than the milder and non-mandatory EEC code of conduct. A bland release after the Leeds meet said merely that 'participants agree to continue their individual and collective efforts to encourage reform in South Africa'.

But if successful, the Sullivan strategy would — the criticism goes — amount to a manifesto for continued investment in South Africa, buying time for the regime, and for Reagan's policy of 'consultative engagement' with South Africa. Meanwhile a joint Democratic-Republican 'consensus Bill' is pressing for outright disinvestment.

Wiseman Khuzwayo

MISCELLANY

Where are you, hacks?

Remember all those shock horror stories a year or two back about how Militant was infiltrating every crevice of the Labour Party? Well, now they're being out-filtrated, yet suddenly the press seems not to notice. Here's an update. One of Militant's men on the London Regional Executive, Bob Labi from Hampstead, has been defeated in this year's elections — a defeat made all the more significant by the fact that Labi was the longest-serving executive member. And over in Woolwich, the one London seat where Militant had serious hopes of installing an MP, their man, Eddie MacParland, came third in last weekend's selection contest. Also defeated: Peter Willsman, best known as perennial choice by CLP delegates for Labour's annual conference arrangements committee. The winner: John Austin-Walker, leader of (rape-capped) Greenwich Council. So: a victory for municipal socialism over the sectarian Left. And if there were hordes of Fleet Street reporters waiting eagerly for the result, we missed them.

Top men's burden

Both Prince Philip and Lord Home, we hear, have turned down invitations to be Patron of the planned Museum

of the British Empire. We're all set to praise them, which would be something of a first for the NS, *if only they'll confirm it. A feasibility study by National Heritage shows that this inspired project is to concentrate more on the White Man's Burden than on any trifling disadvantages that may have been felt by subject peoples. Funding is supposed to be mainly from City firms such as Swire's and Lonhro. Had the organisers heard of HRH's spouse's enthusiasm for the concept of Commonwealth (and position as head of it)? The Palace won't confirm or deny that Pip was approached. The Hirsel hasn't rung us back. Praises deferred.*

Hacks are over here

Anyone alienated by the loathsomely wholesome Californian technoyouths who appeared in the film *War Games*, or in ITV's *Whizz Kids* serial will not want to know anything about *Hackers Handbook*, the new 'Hugo Cornwall' do-it-yourself guide to computer 'hacking' in Britain which has just appeared to the accompaniment of squawks of anguish from computer fraud pundits and cops. (Hacking — the skill of entering and exploiting, for fun, the programme and information files held inside computers owned or used by large institutions, usually done by using a home computer connected to the public telephone network, to which many large computer systems are also linked for authorised use at long range.) One section of the police force has already pronounced the slim tome an illegal product. Among its excellencies the handbook explores what the author calls 'radio hacking' — the computerised scanning of the airwaves, including government and police radio channels. This could be, in essence, the people's answer to GCHQ Cheltenham, the government's chief electronic spying agency. Indeed, one well known political party, left of Labour, already uses such electronic alternative 'sigint', doubtless awaiting an early sign of the invitable historical decline of capitalism. The handbook's author, however leaves this level of electronic Socialism to one side, and instead illustrates the joys of radio hacking with an intercepted news broadcast from Tiranha, announcing a great victory of sustained production by the Enver Hoxha Automotive and Tractor Combine.

A perfect host

One of those movie buffs ought to do a coffee-table on the favourite viewing of dictators. Here's one for the synopsis. Gadafy apparently has a passion for Singing in the Rain, *we hear from a British technician who helped out with Libyan TV. He was thunderstruck one night when film of the Bengazi docks was abruptly interrupted by* Singing. *Though everyone probably felt it was an improvement on the schedules, the technician rang the studio anxiously. It's OK, he was told, Gadafy has a party of visitors. He ordered the change. A proper Michael Grade. . .*

Horribile dictu

Finally, in this week of all weeks, there's no resisting it. Here's Nigel Lawson as transfixed by taxidermist Roth in his *Parliamentary Profiles L-R*, exquisitely timed for Budget week: 'dark squat. . . Corsican-looking', and, citing Ian Aitken, 'the cad of the remove', bearing 'a striking resemblance to an old fashioned Victorian villain'. There we are: Victorian values again, strutting the Thatcher vaudeville, all sound and fury, signifying. . .poverty.

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RACIAL MISERY OF A 15-YEAR-OLD ASIAN BOY

FEAR OF RACE ATTACKS is forcing a 15 year old Asian schoolboy to travel four hours each day from the East End of London for schooling in the West End. ARLEN HARRIS reports

David Mansell

The family interpreter — Amir Ali

TEN MONTHS ago the Ali family moved to a GLC estate in South East Poplar. Since then their home has been stoned, windows have been broken and racist insults have been screamed at the family of nine from Bangladesh.

The Alis' problems started when they became homeless in Westminster after losing their flat. They were housed by the council in cramped two room accommodation in successively Finsbury Park, Baker Street, and Victoria and told by Westminster city council they'd be allowed only one offer of sufficiently sizeable accommodation. None of the family speaks fluent English apart from 15 year old Amir Ali who acts as translator. His mother, brothers and sister came to England for the first time last year, and speak little English.

The Alis were offered a five bedroomed flat in Poplar. What they didn't know and weren't told is that they would be one of only two Bangladeshi families living on an estate in an area where racial attacks on Asians are common.

Shafiq Islam of CAPA (Community Alliance for Police Accountability), a local community group who have been helping the family, says: 'South East Poplar is an area where there's a lot of fascist activity. In the last year there have been racial incidents in the area ranging from stonethrowing to arson to actual assaults on women and children.

'An isolated Asian family on what is virtually an all white estate would face severe problems. The Alis have called the police on several occasions when they've been attacked. But the police appear to have been unable to help.'

Won't face the school

UNTIL police catch people responsible for racially harrassing the family, Amir Ali considers himself unable to go to the local school: 'The same people who go to the local school throw stones through my windows and have attacked me. If I went there they'd beat me — they hate Asians.'

Marton Spafford, Bangladesh community liaison officer at North Westminster Community School, which Amir was already attending before the family moved to Poplar and which has the country's largest specialist department for teaching English to foreign language children, says 'Amir's education is disrupted by the long and difficult journey to and from school. Over the past nine months he has become tense and reserved. He's obviously under enormous pressures — the tragedy is that these are beginning to prevent him from studying successfully.'

Westminster councillor Paul Dimoldenberg has already asked the city council housing department why the family were housed in an area where race attacks are frequent. The housing department's response is: 'Mr Ali is no longer homeless. The city council have discharged their responsibilities towards him under the homelessness legislation.'

Chief inspector David Bouette of Limehouse police station comments: 'We have investigated an incident thoroughly, to no avail. We would be only too glad to talk to the family and assist them.' ●

Pupils 'abuse gay teachers'

A 'HORRIFYING INCREASE' in pupil abuse of gay teachers, attributed to the way the spread of the disease AIDS has been handled by the media, is reported by London Gay Teachers Group (LGT). Adult colleagues have 'refused to share toilets or even coffee mugs', though AIDS can't be spread by ordinary social contact in class or staff room.

In an effort to counter media disinformation — whose serious effect inside prisons has been more widely publicised — LGT is publishing a leaflet, AIDS Hysteria and why Teachers should be Concerned, *stating that 'the current hysterical climate. . . is doing untold damage to the personal and social development of lesbian and gay pupils'. Copies (free with an SAE) from BM Gayteacher, London WC1N 3XX.* ●

MINERS PICKETS — THE TALLY

Final tally of arrests*: 11,312

*from 14 March 1984 to 5 March 1985 in England, and to 6 March in Scotland, not including arrests of supporters on street collections, etc. — figures below refer to England and Wales only.

LATEST NEWS

As of 5 March, 7,917 pickets had been charged and 5,653 cases had been heard in court by that date. The largest number of charges were for 'breach of the peace' (4,089 made under the Public Order Act and 207 under common law) followed by 'obstruction of the police (1,682 cases).

The proportion of acquittals is 24 per cent but of the 9,808 arrests in England and Wales, charges have been preferred so far against only 7,917 (81 per cent).

AND IT GOES ON

The demonstration in support of the miners in London on 24 February resulted in 101 arrests and total panic with many children being involved in the fracas after police broke up the march in Whitehall (*NS* 15 March). The police blamed a 'hooligan element, mostly not miners'. Two of those charged have already been sent to prison for two months.

A striker who allegedly hurled a beer glass into a working miner's face and admitted several other offences connected with picketing was jailed for two and a half years at Newcastle Crown Court.

The police dropped charges of unlawful assembly against 23 Yorkshire miners who were among 87 arrested at a picket at Harworth colliery in Nottinghamshire in August. Each was awarded £30.

'RETRIBUTIVE' POLICING

Up to mid-January, there had been 545 complaints against the police arising out of the dispute, 100 of which have been withdrawn. Officers of the Metropolitan Police have been the subject of only 12 complaints. South Yorkshire constabulary is by far the leader in the complaints league with 231, followed by Derbyshire with 67 and Nottinghamshire with 62. However, a report by South Yorkshire County Council into the policing of the dispute reported that 'some officers appear to have been more intent on retribution than on upholding the law'.

11,000 WERE 'CRIMINALISED'

Over 11,000 miners were picked up by police during the year of the strike — a degree of 'criminalisation' of men and women involved in a dispute about jobs and communities without precedent.

Even before the start of the strike the National Reporting Centre at Scotland Yard had been 'activated' to control the mass movement of police and, in turn, mass picketing. Police road blocks, which were to become a common feature in Notts and other sensitive areas, threatened free movement, with the prospect of arrest for a likely breach of the law some distance away. But by the use of lengthy routes and subterfuge mass picketing did take place in the Midlands and elsewhere. The police were to respond by mass arrests (as well as violence), most commonly for 'breach of the peace', often used against traditional picketing practices, such as shouting 'scab'. Mass arrests caused unforeseen burdens on the courts. By the summer only 15 per cent of those charged had had their cases heard. Another device introduced to stymie mass picketing was the standard bail condition. Bail was only granted on condition that the charged person didn't picket, march or demonstrate in connection with the strike at any place other than their own pit. With the backlog in the courts, this restriction prevented many miners from travelling anywhere for many months. By September the government had drafted in stipendiary magistrates to Notts courtrooms — a total of 30 were used during the strike. As the courts began to clear the cases, the paucity of police evidence was revealed — the current tally shows that a quarter of cases have been acquitted, almost 2,000 of those arrested faced no charges. Although many of the minor changes didn't stick, police brought many more serious charges as the strike went on. Some of these are still to be heard, such as those for riotous assembly.

Yet to be heard are also the cases of the three miners charged with the murder of the South Wales cab driver, plus another recent, and virtually unpublicised, case of the death of a striking miner in a working men's club in Ayrshire on 17 February. Almost 200 miners have so far served time in prison or other custody. Many have suffered the double jeopardy of losing their job as well as their liberty for fighting for their job. In addition to convicted miners, many supporters have been arrested, charged and convicted for collecting food and money.

BILL FOR OLD BILL

The National Reporting Centre has now been closed until the next time. The final cost of the police operation was over £140 million and 14 million hours were worked by police reinforcements. Meanwhile, real crime rose by eight per cent during the period. The police say there were 1,392 officers hurt, of whom 85 suffered serious injury.

The total financial cost was put at £2,750 million in the Chancellor's Budget statement this week, with £4,000 million damage to the balance of payments. Stockbrokers Phillips and Drew estimate that Gross National Product grew by 1.1 per cent less — 2.3 per cent instead of a projected 3.4 per cent.

The government's public order law proposals are due to be announced soon. Their restrictions on the right to assembly, and the full impact of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act 1984 — delayed by the strike and now due to come fully into force on 1 January 1986 — will capture even more citizens into the net of forceful policing.

Brenda Kirsch and Christian Wolmar

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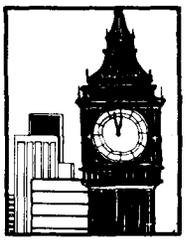

PETER KELLNER

How Britain's taxpayers helped beat the coal strike

NIGEL LAWSON's budget speech was much shorter than last year's; this column's comment on it will follow his example. The one feature in his speech which concerns our main business here was his set of references to the coal strike. At last the Chancellor began to come clean.

Lawson announced that the strike had reduced national output by 1¼ per cent over the past year — or £4 billion. He also announced that public spending was £2.5 billion higher than it would have been without the strike. Since government spending itself contributes to 'national output', that means that the *gross* effect of the coal strike — before taking into account the offsetting rise in public spending — was a loss in output of £6.5 billion.

Now we have got that straight, let us look at how some of that extra public spending was used. Not much of it, to be sure: just one-ten-thousandth of the £2.5 billion. From the government's and the coal board's points of view, however, it was probably the most cost-effective use of £250,000 of taxpayers' money spent all year. It was used to poll miners and their families, and to help design the coal board's strategy to break the strike.

Two weeks ago this column first discussed the coal board's strategy for outflanking the NUM leadership by hiring pollsters to question individual miners and, using the data they gathered, to develop the board's return-to-work strategy. New information has now come to light on the details of the coal board's polling operation — not least the fact that it has continued since the end of the strike.

The key figure is Tommy Thompson who, in the 1960s, was financed by the Conservative Party to set up Opinion Research Centre (now Harris Research Centre) to do the Tories' private polls. In the late 1970s Thompson left ORC to set up his own company, Opinion Research and Communication (ORAC). He concentrates on research into social attitudes for large businesses. Among Thompson's clients is the coal board. During the miners' strike Thompson helped to establish the most sophisticated and expensive operation yet used in British industrial relations to outflank a union's leadership by polling members directly.

ORAC does not possess its own field force — people who do the actual interviewing. So some of the fieldwork was subcontracted to Harris — and the rest given to the Conservatives' second source of private polling research, Gallup.

Harris concentrated on quantitative polling of NUM members, while Gallup's main brief was to do qualitative polling. Quantitative polling is the kind normally used by the media: it answers the 'how many?' questions about public opinion. Harris conducted monthly surveys throughout the strike. Theirs were long questionnaires — up to 60 questions per poll, on every aspect of the strike from the financial hardships experienced by miners' families, through the tactics pursued by the NUM and the coal board, to a battery of questions about whether the strike was worthwhile and what miners expected it to achieve. (A typical poll for a newspaper or TV programme seldom asks more than ten questions.)

Gallup's qualitative polling used small discussion groups — typically six to eight people at a time — and people were encouraged to say what they thought in their own words. It answered the 'why?' rather than the 'how many?' questions. Gallup talked not only to groups of miners, but also to groups of miners' *wives*. In addition, Gallup questioned striking miners on picket lines.

In line with normal polling practice, miners were not told the identity of Harris's or Gallup's client. Nor was it made clear that the surveys were specifically designed to measure *miners'* views: any respondent glimpsing the front page of a Harris questionnaire would have found an anodyne reference to 'survey of public sector attitudes'.

THAT, THEN, was how the polling was done. What did it discover? Apart from a host of detailed discoveries, which helped the coal board to time its back-to-work propaganda campaign and to pitch its appeal in a way that would have the greatest impact, three important findings helped to guide the coal board's and government's strategy.

First, contrary to all *published* polls conducted last spring, the private polls suggested that a national ballot would *not* have provided a majority for strike action.

This is, on the face of it, a surprising finding, as in principle there is no reason why polls conducted for publication should produce findings any different from those for non-media clients. The point, however, is that a single isolated question — 'how would you vote if a strike ballot were held now' — may not convey the strength of feeling on both sides, or the possibility of people changing their minds when faced with the reality of a ballot paper rather than the hypothesis of an opinion poll. The coal board's polls, with their long questionnaires, found that the apparent majority for strike action was not at all firmly based at the beginning of the strike and that many miners were likely to switch to a 'no' vote had a ballot been conducted.

The importance of this finding was that it underpinned Peter Walker's sustained goading of the NUM for being 'undemocratic': he was confident that if he could get a ballot, the strike would be over. Had the coal board's polls demonstrated a solid majority for strike action, his tactics would have been different.

The second significant finding concerned Gallup's group discussions with miners' wives. Gallup tested the widespread reports that they had become as militant as their husbands. While the groups provided some evidence of this, it also became clear that by last autumn many wives were becoming very worried about their families' finances — and saw the strike heading nowhere. This encouraged the coal board to believe that a substantial minority of wives would reinforce a 'back to work' campaign by persuading their husbands to abandon the strike.

Third, Harris detected a sharp increase in pessimism last autumn among striking miners about the prospects of victory. Fewer people expected the coal board to make further concessions and an increasing number expected that they would return to work having lost money and got virtually nothing out of it. Conviction that the union would achieve total victory declined sharply, especially in areas such as North Derbyshire: it was no accident that the coal board targeted this area for its earliest autumn return-to-work propaganda.

HARRIS'S polling since the end of the strike has concentrated on the financial problems of miners as they return to work, the degree of support for the continuing overtime ban and attitudes to the NUM leadership and the coal board in the wake of the strike. When the results of the latest survey, conducted last weekend, are analysed, they will help the coal board to formulate its tactics for any new dispute that may now arise with the NUM.

No doubt some people on the Left will regard the use of polling by the coal board as bad form, below the belt and generally scandalous. I do not. While there can be no doubt that the information gathered by the coal board was invaluable in achieving its victory, it would have been far less useful had the union also applied itself to the task of monitoring the views of its individual members — and shaped its tactics accordingly. The key lesson for any industrial dispute — for that matter, any political election — where the outcome is determined by the aggregate decisions of individual people, is to listen to those people in their own homes and not just to their representatives at delegate conferences or mass meetings. In any contest between a side that listens and a side that does not, the side that listens is likely to win. □

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RED-FACED KEN'S HOME TRUTHS

The *New Statesman* exclusively presents GLC leader Ken Livingstone's version of the extraordinary debacle of the GLC's budget debate. The meeting ended on Sunday 10 March with a rate being set *below* the government-imposed ratecap limit by a combination of Conservatives and right-wing Labour councillors. But in the week before this dramatic conclusion, Labour's left wing was torn apart in a bitter and very public confrontation between Livingstone and his deputy John McDonnell. In this edited version of his report to the London Labour Party's executive, Livingstone defends himself against the inevitable cat-calls of betrayal, but frankly admits to failures of his leadership and administration

THE TROUBLE began just 17 days before the crucial GLC budget meeting, when the leaders of the Labour rate-capped councils met on 19 February and agreed a document which, without saying so, changed the policy on rate-capping as Ken Livingstone understood it (see box).

It stated that the form of words to be used in council motions on 7 March should simply state that *'it will be impossible for the authority to make a rate'* and called on the government to return Rate Support Grant to penalised Labour councils. Lest there were any doubt paragraph 7 spelt out the meaning of such wording:

> One thing an authority must not do is resolve in terms that it will not make a rate for 1985/6. The form of wording suggested above is to the effect that as at 7 March the authority considers that it will be impossible for it to make a rate, but that is not a declaration of a fixed intention not to make a rate, which would be unlawful.

The GLC officer present drew John McDonnell's attention to the fact that such a policy would isolate the GLC and ILEA. When John McDonnell returned from this meeting to the GLC he informed me that Merseyside and South Yorkshire would not be going illegal *but that the London boroughs were standing firm behind the London Labour Party's policy.*

But the new policy was completely contrary to the policy decided at the London Labour Party's special conference on 19 January, which stated:

> The point at which every Labour-controlled Authority can be united is . . . the levying of a rate or precept. *A refusal to levy a rate or precept will unite each Council in the same action at the same time.* Such action would unite all councils under attack — both those ratecapped and those hit by further penalties and grant loss.

Not only did the new policy mean that borough councils could duck the issue of illegality but it left the GLC and ILEA out on their own. This was a betrayal of the tactic that we should all stand together against the government and not be picked off one at a time. John McDonnell and Ted Knight ['hard Left' leader of Lambeth council] continued to make speeches claiming that all councils would be going illegal together throughout the following weeks. This was a theme they reiterated in private whenever we met.

I first knew about this change of policy on 26 February when I was informed that one of the Labour London boroughs had decided to defend its rate decision by using the 'it will be impossible' formula. I met Ted Knight on the morning of 28 February and after a heated exchange of views he assured me that whilst one or two Labour boroughs may have weakened I could rest assured that Lambeth and the majority of Labour boroughs 'will be going illegal on the 7th'. John McDonnell confirmed this when I spoke to him at County Hall on 1 March.

I asked GLC officials to obtain any relevant reports and was given a copy of the document containing the 'it will be impossible' formula, which was agreed by Labour leaders at the 19 February meeting. At the start of the London Labour Party annual conference on 2 March I confronted Ted Knight who continued to insist that it did not mean that boroughs were deferring their decisions. During the *London Labour Briefing* meeting on Saturday lunchtime I passed the document to John McDonnell with a note asking if he had seen it. He shrugged and passed it back to me.

Although I was under considerable pressure from Labour GLC councillors to expose the posturing of some of the borough leaders, I felt that such a public attack would weaken the whole rate-capping campaign and instead I merely called on the boroughs to toughen up their stand *if and only if* we could get a non-compliance vote at the GLC.

I was therefore shocked when Ted Knight launched a strong attack on the GLC and ILEA because of my call to the boroughs to go illegal if County Hall did. Ted Knight misled the conference by continuing to claim that the boroughs were going illegal and gave the press a heaven-sent opportunity to turn attention from the ratecapping issue to one of a Labour split.

John McDonnell then launched a public attack alleging that a deal was being done between the government, our officers and myself. Whilst this is not the first time someone has lied about me it could not have come at a worse time in terms of maintaining party policy and Group unity.

Livingstone claims to have been quite out of touch with developments in the London boroughs. Any informed observer knew that it was very unlikely that any councils with narrow Labour majorities would succeed in carrying an illegal rates resolution. Illegality exposes councillors to the risk of personal surcharge, bankruptcy and disqualification from being a councillor or MP. Livingstone himself had always pointed out the difficulty of getting an illegal motion through the GLC, with its Labour majority of only four. But at the London Labour Party annual conference, he held out the possibility of the GLC actually passing a 'no rate' motion. This was because, he

Labour's policy on ratecapping

LAST JULY leaders of the 16 rate-capped Labour councils, plus leaders of other Labour councils hit hard by penalties, agreed on a strategy of 'non-compliance' with the Rates Act. This was not because they wanted to put up rates for the sake of it. The apparently steep rises in rates of some councils in recent years have mainly been caused by penalties for 'overspending' government targets. Labour councils are pledged to defend jobs and services from the effects of government constraints and so have to make up the loss of grant caused by the penalty system by raising rates.

'Non-compliance' meant breaking the law, but there were two possible ways of doing it: 1. not setting a rate; or 2. setting a rate and then trying to spend more than the rate income (deliberately budgeting to have a deficit). The Labour Party conference in October 1984 approved the *strategy* — non-compliance — but didn't specify the *tactics*.

Gradually, Labour council leaders moved towards the 'no rate' option rather than the 'defecit budgeting' option. But not setting a rate meant different things to different councils, because upper-tier councils have a legal deadline (this year it was 10 March) to set their rate, called a 'precept', which they then ask the smaller councils to collect for them.

The four upper-tier councils would break the law if they simply failed to set a rate by 10 March. But the 13 smaller councils would have to declare their intention *never* to set a rate to 'go illegal'. Liverpool council last year was able to go for three months without setting a rate, on the basis that it was trying its best. Ken Livingstone thought it was agreed that when all the councils met as arranged on 7 March they would pass this 'illegal' declaration. He didn't want the GLC and ILEA to be isolated in their stance, because the two *other* upper-tier councils (Merseyside and South Yorks) had made it clear they weren't going to break the law. □

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Andrew Ward/Report

Our Ken (on the sensible Left of the picture) jostling shoulders with his deputy, John McDonnell, as they try to lever each other into the Thames

says, the Conservatives on the GLC had said they would abstain on the crucial vote — and had legal advice giving them protection against surcharge in doing so.

The whole episode exposed Livingstone's dependence for information on John McDonnell, who represented the GLC at meetings of the Labour council leaders. But McDonnell, as well as being deputy leader of the GLC, is also chair of its finance committee and controlled most of the financial information required to make policy decisions about rate-capping.

The GLC leadership has been a collective one in which I leave committee chairs to get on with the task of carrying out party policy without interference from me which could only lead to delay. I believe that it is this delegation which is behind our success in increasing the GLC budget from £425 million to £950 million in four years.

Throughout the last year John McDonnell has kept me informed about the progress of the budget. On 1 October 1984 he wrote to me privately saying:

> If we are inevitably going to split on the issue of compliance or non-compliance with government-dictated cuts *our best hope to do the maximum damage to the government is to seek to maintain unity within the Group for as long as possible. . .*
>
> In the meantime I want to push as much money out of the building as possible. You should note that this also inevitably ups the stakes on compliance or non-compliance in terms of the level of cuts demanded by the government.
>
> If we cannot carry the Group or if we lose in full Council on non-compliance I will not be willing (unlike on the fares issue) to return after a period of confusion and to continue in office as Deputy Leader and Chair of Finance & General Purposes Committee. I will go onto the backbenches to oppose any cuts in services and to form a Labour opposition to the Tory/Alliance/Right Labour administration or coalition which would exist however temporarily at that time.
>
> I hope that this has clarified for you my views on the issues facing us in the coming period. We never seem to have the opportunity to talk about tactics or strategy.

John McDonnell maintained the above line regarding our finances in private conversations, in reports to the Policy Committee and Group, and in public. When on 11 December the government announced that our rate cap limit was 36.5p I met John McDonnell and questioned him on the likely effects. He stated it meant £140 million of cuts and stuck to that position when I questioned him. He adhered to this figure at the Group meeting on Monday, 7 January and continued to do so up until I challenged him on 1 March, the day before the London Labour Party annual conference.

I had consistently urged John McDonnell to work with the new team under Reg Race in the GLC Programme Office rather than rely too heavily on the advice of officers in the Finance Department [former 'hard Left' MP Reg Race was brought in to head the 'progress-chasing unit' in September 1983]. Unfortunately, there were frequent clashes between Reg Race and John McDonnell about the financial policies of the GLC in which the Group and I invariably backed John McDonnell's position because his general competence had made a deep impression even amongst those members of the group who opposed him politically. Throughout this period John McDonnell had the trust and confidence of the whole Group and many of us made the mistake of assuming that the disagreements between John McDonnell and Reg Race were being distorted by the clash of personalities.

Since the disastrous budget meeting, which lasted for three acrimonious days and ended up passing a Tory-supported rate, Livingstone has asked Reg Race to give his account of the GLC's finances, which shed a very different light on McDonnell's claim to be trying to 'push as much money out of the building as possible'.

The argument between McDonnell and Race boils down to whether or not a rate-capped GLC would actually have to cut spending. During the financial year which is just ending, Race argued that the Finance Department was trying to restrict spending with McDonnell's agreement, because no areas of underspending could be found. And in 1985/6, the financial year to which rate-capping applies, Race's assessment of the position differed even more from McDonnell's. On 28 February Race told Livingstone that instead of facing a massive £140 million of cuts, GLC officials were about to produce a paper showing that rate-capping meant only £30 million in cuts. And Race calculated that, by a bit of creative accounting, this could be transformed into £25 million growth (see Letters, p22).

After the London Labour Party conference, GLC Labour councillors met on 4 March to decide the Group's attitude towards the budget meeting due to start on 8 March. Livingstone felt he had been undermined by the decision of the boroughs to defer going illegal, and the concealment of the state of the GLC's finances. But he still argued for 'illegality' to oppose the principle *of rate-capping.*

I proposed that we should refuse to set a rate but that if it became certain that we could not carry

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that position in the full GLC and there was a danger of a Tory or Alliance budget being set then we should fall back to the position of adopting the Programme Office [Reg Race] budget based on the maximum precept and £25 million of growth. After a long and difficult debate my proposals were defeated by 24 votes to 18 and the group voted to adopt the growth budget and maximum precept, without first trying for illegality.

The next morning LBC radio broadcast an interview with John McDonnell in which he alleged that I had deliberately produced the growth budget in order to undermine the no-rate position and although I had voted for the no-rate position I had engineered the defeat in Group in order to protect my parliamentary ambitions. As he put it I had 'bottled out' for fear that Tory abstentions might lead to a no-rate position carrying and my eventual debarment from public office.

This overlooks the fact that he had promised that a fall-back budget would be prepared. As far as I was concerned he confirmed his position in the March 1985 issue of *London Labour Briefing:*

> If the no-rate option is defeated in the GLC council chamber as a result of a betrayal by the Right, the Left will fall back upon a deficit budget and refuse to allow a budget to go through which entails any cuts.

As the week progressed I was constantly being asked to reply to John McDonnell's attacks on me in the media. Because of the anger I felt about the difference between his published views and his public position I did respond but this was an error and allowed the media to continue to focus on the personalities involved rather than the issues.

Throughout the ILEA budget meeting on 7 March and the first day of the GLC meeting on 8 March I voted against setting a rate along with the same 17 who voted against setting a maximum rate in the Labour Group meeting on 4 March. But I felt that it was important that if we lost we should not end up with a cuts budget, so I moved an amendment to substitute the Reg Race package (£25 million growth) for the Finance Department proposal (£30 million cut). But John McDonnell and seven others voted the amendment down, because they clearly felt that the best way of getting the no-rate position through was to have the worst possible alternative budget.

A three-way split in the Labour Group, which hardened every time the budget meeting adjourned and took advice from interested parties like Larry Whitty (new Labour Party General Secretary), meant that the 'ultra-left' could veto the one logical outcome, which was to pass the maximum 36.5p rate. Former ILEA leader Sir Ashley Bramall led the right-wing sub-group, although it was Barrie Stead, councillor for Fulham, who eventually put the successful 33.8p proposal. The centre group, which included Steve Bundred, women's committee chair Valerie Wise and ILEA leader Frances Morrell as well as Ken Livingstone himself, was impotent in the middle.

And the 10 heroines and heroes of the ultra-left were: John McDonnell, Tony Banks (also an MP), Paul Boateng, Paul Moore, Bryn Davies, Lesley Hammond, Deirdre Wood, Dave Wetzel (transport chair), Jenni Fletcher and Charlie Rossi.

The 33.8p rate means the GLC gets £52 million less in rate income than it would have done, but it is able to claw back penalties and so ends up only £11 million worse off. With creative accounting, growth can still be achieved.

When we continued the meeting on Sunday [10 March] I was informed that it was the intention of about 12 members on the right of the group to ensure that a rate would be set and that if by the end of the day the Labour Group position had not carried then they would vote for the best remaining option on the agenda. I reported this to the Group during an adjournment and made it quite clear that I did not believe that the party, the trade unions or the public would understand our tactics if the GLC managed to end up with a rate below the legal maximum.

As Sunday progressed the splits widened and members started to meet in three sub-groups. The new General Secretary of the Labour Party, Larry Whitty, persuaded the Right not to vote for a Tory or Alliance budget but to have one last chance to carry the Reg Race growth budget. When this was moved by Steve Bundred 10 members of the Group still opposed the compromise thus finally defeating the Group position. On the next vote a dozen Labour members supported Barrie Stead's 33.8p proposal which carried with Tory and Alliance support and 26 Labour members, including myself, voting against.

Had we risked our fragile unity by thinking things through we would have been more likely to adopt a deficit budget strategy. Instead we ended up with a campaign which asked councillors to go over the top at the beginning as an act which would generate public support and did not seriously consider just how undermining the whole range of surcharge and debarment powers of the District Auditor and the courts can be in the minds of councillors.

We also overlooked the fact that we did not bring together the councillors concerned. We relied on endless meetings of leaders who reported back to groups and parties. It would have done a lot to build the confidence of councillors if we had brought them together to discuss the strategy as it evolved.

Some council leaders made the mistake of exaggerating their ability to deliver what was being agreed and this led to the unions and Constituency Labour Parties expecting more than we honestly knew we could deliver. A party that seeks to transform society needs to start by being honest with itself and making accurate assessments of our own strength and the strength of our opponents. We wish to defeat the government and make speeches to that effect but in itself this does not create the objective conditions which are necessary.

We also need to develop a more honest approach to tactics and strategy. Once we knew by Sunday afternoon that we could not stop a rate being set we needed to adjust our tactics so as to achieve the best possible budget rather than continue to pretend the battle could still be won. Any fool can lead an army to defeat. Real leadership requires that you recognise when a battle has been lost and withdraw in a way which minimises your casualties. It was only the intervention of Larry Whitty which prevented us ending up with a Tory budget which contained real and painful cuts.

We need to remember that those who control access to information have a duty to share that openly with the rest of the movement. Hiding the real position about the council's finances did not change the facts and simply made it more embarrassing when the truth was known. Telling the public that government policies will lead to immediate massive cuts creates real problems for the credibility of the party when those cuts don't happen.

Finally we need to break away from the simplistic attitude that Labour's failures and defeats are because leaders always betray. The knee jerk reaction from some elements in the party to John McDonnell's charge that I had 'bottled out' and was betraying party policy showed that such charges fall on fertile ground. I have dealt with them here and people will make their own judgments about where blame lies.

Undoubtedly leaders often fail and sometimes betray but to see socialist defeats simply as individual weakness denies the effect of economic and social forces on any political struggle. Why John McDonnell launched the attacks on me that he did I can only speculate on. Perhaps he feared that I might launch an ultra-left attack on him because he had compromised too much at the 19 February meeting of the Labour leaders or that he had failed in his desire to 'push as much money out of the building as possible' because he had worked against rather than with Reg Race. Whatever the reason his actions split the group, split the party, opened our flank to attack from the media, set back the whole rate-capping campaign and prevented us from having a lot of fun at Patrick Jenkin's expense when it became known he had set our rate cap figure too high.

Against that list of losses the only gain to be recorded was that of his own position on the left of the party. But perhaps we are both equally to blame for as he said in his letter of 1 October 'we never seem to have the opportunity to talk about tactics or strategy'. We need to ensure that we avoid similar mistakes in the future by relying less on leaders and deputy leaders and devolving power and information a lot further throughout the movement. □

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NEEDING A FEMINIST VOICE

Unlike male trade unionists, women are vividly aware of social relations outside employment. Sarah Benton reports from TUC Women's Conference

THERE WAS one moment at the Floral Hall in Southport when it dawned on the delegates to the 55th TUC Women's Conference that a *debate* was going on.

Gradually the chattering, the background hum of all conferences, quietened and delegates began peering at their agendas to find out what was happening. The National Association of Probation Officers and the Prison Officers' Association were implacably opposed on prison policy.

Each had a resolution down which would normally be composited into the familiar anodyne policy statement. But NAPO had been 'unco-operative', refusing to give way on its demand of 'H' block in Durham prison to be closed and for the reduction in the use of drugs in women's prisons. The Women's Advisory Committee then decided to back the Prison Officers, whose resolution was a civilised version ('deep concern' about difficulties for both staff and prisoners caused by understaffing) of 'defend our jobs'. There was a counted vote — the only one in the two days — and NAPO won. 'No hard feelings?' asked their delegate cheerfully, coming across the cluster of disconsolate prison officers in the coffee queue. '*She* can tell our members that they're out of a job,' said a prison officer with the restrained sourness of defeat.

And there we have many of the characteristics of this annual conference whose benefits and shortcomings excite more interest than its actual decisions. With almost no male speakers, there are no rostrum histrionics; its words are polite, conscientious, informative. Unique in the union world, it shows concern for the consumer or client (in this case women prisoners) which can override the insistence on preserving jobs. Women trade unionists tend to be women first and foremost, identifying with the world of victims — in this case of doctors dispensing drugs to obliterate the emotions — as readily as they will identify with workers concerned for their job security.

But then there is the worst of it, a cycle of complaints about lack of power, absence of real debate, the sense of the whole thing simply being second class, a tatty end of the pier show (the platform party sat against a rose-lit aquamarine backdrop) while the big boys preen under televisions's bright glare. The Floral Hall in March, with icy squalls whipping off the sea outside and coffee that tastes like a pre-war store of musty marmite inside, is a gloomy experience. (But here the WAC has given way. Next year the conference marches into the 1980s and meets in Leicester.)

It's not just that the conference has no power over those at the top; it has no connection to those at the bottom either. In fact, the delegates float in a small restricted space, their speeches and resolutions trapped on each side by the invisible presence of the TUC General Council and their own national executives, which decide what may or may not be said. And without a live movement of women workers agitating for their authentic voice, their needs and demands, to be expressed, the delegates are either pinioned in frustration (faced with words of caution from the platform, the rebellious cry 'we must *do* something' got disproportionate applause) or relapse in induced passivity. There are still few fringe meetings (they included the National Abortion Campaign and Women Against Pit Closures) and none held by political parties (the Communist Party having cancelled the first they had planned because it clashed with the NCCL).

AND YET THIS peculiar conference, that fills delegates with conflicting feeling of comfort and solidarity, boredom and frustration, that cannot cope with the pressure of demand for 'something to be done', is the nearest thing we have now in Britain to a national women's conference.

Its numbers have risen from 207 to 323 in eight years; it now attracts over 100 visitors, the number of motions submitted has doubled. NALGO and the Licensed Victuallers are among the unions to have started sending delegates. Under the benign, if muddled, rule of its new chairperson Ada Maddocks, resolutions on every subject, from pensions and privatisation to cervical cancer and Freedom of Information, were down for discussion. The WAC itself has consistently been adding more dynamic members over the years (though sadly this year it has lost one its most vivacious, BIFU's Ivy Cameron, who was dumped by her own members in a fit of pique, leaving the WAC without a representative from one of the key women's unions).

For all these reasons, there was for the first time a clear statement in the WAC's annual report on the problem of 'increasing demands from the Women's Conference for a more powerful body with a clearer purpose'. Their solution is the pursuit of the matter at Congress and 'unions being persuaded to submit appropriate motions to that body'. Back to the problem of creating and giving voice to a live, pressing movement of women workers.

FEMINISM DOES run like a thin, frayed but live wire through the proceedings. It sparked in the debate on prisons ('we do not normally murder our husbands and dump their bodies in lakes' said one delegate in reference to the tabloids' latest popular hero). It flared in the debates on Victoria Gillick — a drive to control female sexuality said ASTMS's Mel Read — and Enoch Powell's Bill to prevent embryo experimentation (controlling women's

Stefano Cagnoni/Report

Ada Maddocks of NALGO in the chair for the first time. 'With almost no male speakers, there are no rostrum histrionics'

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sexuality and controlling immigration seem to go hand in hand).

It is a shared concern over sex, reproduction, their bodies ('it's a pity the media doesn't give as much publicity to deaths from breast cancer as it does to AIDS', said one delegate, to applause) which unites the women, obliterating the classic trade union division between work and the rest of life. This cannot be expressed in the constrained language of trade union rights and it is on these topics that women break free and now, 11 years after they first debated abortion, use the language of feminism to say what they think.

There is a language of women's trade unionism which is peculiarly mind-numbing; it is the language of women who do not wish to be political, do not wish to cause offence. It says roughly — and it was said often in the discussions on low pay and employment opportunities — that things are pretty rotten, and wherever they are rotten they are worse for women. If black women are affected, said the white speaker on racial discrimination, it's even worse for them.

In this ranking of suffering, there is no specific politics of race or sex. Yet the conference can be galvanised by a political speech. For the resolution supporting lesbian and gay rights, delegates sat in rapt silence through the brilliantly clear speech from NALGO's Vicky Rosen, introducing the concept of heterosexism, and a quiet follow-up from NAPO's Margaret Powell. Not a delegate spoke or voted against, though many abstained.

Undoubtedly, many delegates would have been troubled by this motion. Undoubtedly they had thoughts — anxious, hostile, disapproving — that could not have been expressed in a formal speech of opposition. It was an ideal candidate for workshop discussion — as would have been, more importantly in the long run, the TUC's new policy document on the family, produced less with a flourish than a nervous squeak at the conference. There was no time to think about it, hardly any discussion.

That was a serious fault of the conference. Here, in family policy, is the crucible for the conflicting patterns of domestic and working life which are at the heart of women's political impotence in society. The problem for the TUC is that it had to produce a policy on the family while, under the influence of feminism and the reality of its members' lives, it does not know what the family should be. It is, said Terry Marsland introducing the policy, 'a difficult concept to define because it is changing so much.'

This is the language of trade unionism, the right to a job with decent pay. It cannot be stretched to speak of the complex reality of family life. At its heart, it resolutely refuses to acknowledge sexual politics, the idea that at work or in the home men may exercise an economic or cultural or physical power which is oppressive to women. And this is the limit of trade union language, for it is absolutely out of bounds to acknowledge any conflict affecting trade union members other than the one they have with employers or, more likely in this day and age, omnipotently awful government.

One bold delegate did venture criticism of trade unions. This was in the debate on the women's support groups that developed in the miners' strike. They were warmly praised in voices that ranged from desperate optimism to the patronising. It was left to the NUM's own delegate, Ella Eagain, to point out that, with some notable exceptions, most unions had *not* supported the strike and that the miners' return to work 'is a serious setback for the whole movement.' No one spoke to the reality, which, as Peter Kellner points out on page 7, the NCB knew about if the NUM didn't, that the majority of 'wives' wanted their men to return to work.

Yet it was right that the women's support groups should have been celebrated. They have affected every political woman in the country. The seeds of a new movement had been sown. But, the unanswered question that hung heavy in the air, how is that to be organised now? □

RAPE CASE

JACKIE BERKLEY 'WASTING TIME'

Amrit Wilson reports on the disturbing trial of a young black woman alleging rape

LAST THURSDAY Mr Glynmore Jones, a Manchester stipendiary magistrate, passed a verdict that shocked black people, despite their cynicism about British courts. Jackie Berkley, a 20-year-old black woman who alleged that she was raped by police officers in Moss Side police station, Manchester, was herself found guilty of wasting police time, assaulting three police women, using threatening behaviour and damaging police shirts. She was remanded on bail until 11 April for social inquiry reports. She is now appealing against the decision.

Jackie Berkley was arrested on 19 April last year after an alleged street disturbance, put in a police van (she claims by force, so that she landed on her back) and taken to Moss Side Police Station. There she alleged she was taken to a single cell, stripped, racially abused and raped by two policemen while two policewomen held her down and forced her legs apart. She claimed that she lost consciousness at this point and when she came round she was further abused and assaulted in the cell corridor.

The police claimed that she spent most of her time in the police station either sitting on a chair in the cell corridor (from where she lashed out at various police officers) or was in a cell with the Thomas sisters, two other young black women arrested with her.

The verdict came after a trial lasting nearly two weeks during which police officers called as witnesses had several times contradicted each other and even their own self-recorded statements. For example, PC Reubens, one of the accused officers, claimed in a statement he recorded himself to have gone 'with Policewomen Roberts' to the cell where the Thomas sisters were being held and causing a disturbance. But WPC Roberts denied that she went to the cell with Reubens. And Reubens himself said in court tht he had gone to the cell on his own, although, he said, 'no policeman is allowed to accompany female prisoners on his own due to the fear of allegations being made.'

However, the magistrate in giving the verdict said that he was convinced that 'incidents in the cell had nothing to do with the defendant. After the Thomas sisters were put in the cell the defendant started hitting out for reasons known only to herself. It was clear that she had been sitting in the cell corridor for some considerable amount of time and was absolutely fed up.'

The magistrate was satisfied that Jackie Berkely did 'lash out' and that 'the police officers needed to use force against the defendant'. He went on: 'when the police casualty officer, Dr Johnson, saw her, he noted injuries to her neck and chest — both, the defendant had admitted, had been caused when she had been put into the police van. The other injuries noted were to the inside of the right thigh and the hand'. The magistrate was 'satisfied that these were not caused by any beating given to her in the cell corridor'.

What happened after Jackie Berkley was released on bail was also in dispute. She found that she had contracted VD soon after her arrest. PC Reubens said in cross-examination that he had not been to the doctor to be examined for VD. But his GP, Dr Moise Levi, had told the court that Reubens had visited him for a VD test on 17 July. The test was negative but Levi had prescribed tranquilisers to calm him down.

Jackie Berkley began to give evidence on 6 March but after some time was too distressed to speak. Geraldine Smith, Senior Clinical Psychologist at Haringey, described Jackie's agonised reactions in the witness box as what could be expected from 'a woman pushed to her limits of physical and psychological endurance'. And Ruth Hall (author of *Ask Any Woman*, the report of the women's safety survey conducted by Women Against Rape) told the court that often women tell no one about a rape at the time, or even later (Jackie had told no one for day). Ruth Hall also told the court that only one in 12 raped women report the crime to the police at all, and it is harder if you are young, black and reporting to white policemen — even if the rapists were not themselves police. Not one of the black women surveyed who had been raped had reported the rape.

However, the magistrate commented in his conclusions: 'The defendant did not make a complaint in the police station. Her mother saw her at the Central Detention Centre on Friday evening. She made a complaint about being beaten up and it is surprising if indeed she was raped that she did not blurt it out.'

He also made assumptions about how a rapist would behave after the event. Whereas PC Reubens had stayed at the police station until midnight, had he been involved in a rape 'he would have left the police station immediately'.

The verdict brought a shocked and angry response from the packed public gallery. Later, Gus John for the Defence Committee pointed out what was in effect a rape trial which would normally be heard in front of a jury had been turned into a accusation by the police and heard in front of a single magistrate. In this situation, he said 'the 70 people who had come to court every day were her jury. The magistrate found in favour of the police and against Jackie but *they* had decided otherwise.' □

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RESOLUTE EXPEDIENCY

In a sweeping attack on the government's short-sighted priorities, Colin Sweet proposes a policy for the energy sector

THE CHANCELLOR'S estimates of the costs of the coal strike in his budget speech are nowhere near the full cost. We shall be paying for the strike to the end of this decade. Underlying the mismanagement of coal are the high costs of not having an energy policy and such fundamental issues as the restructuring of the big public sector energy suppliers.

Energy consumers in this country spend £36 billion per year. Add to this the value of exported oil and the energy sector accounts for £54 billion per year. That is 22 per cent of Gross National Product, making energy the most important single sector in the UK economy. The average person might be excused for thinking that energy would therefore loom large in what the government chooses to call its economic strategy — especially as most of it is produced within the public sector and is therefore under direct government control.

However, it affects government thinking only as a source of money flowing into the government coffers. Essentially the discovery that Britain is rich in energy has affected the government much as a gold strike would have hit the mid West of America a hundred years ago. Instead of enjoying the benefits of having a surplus of energy, much of it at a low cost, this unique advantage is being plundered and squandered with no regard for the future.

The results so far have been devastating. Ironically, oil revenues have done more to destabilise the economy and thus accelerate Britain's decline than any other single factor. The overvaluing, and now the undervaluing, of sterling on the foreign exchanges, where its fall has been conspicuously larger than that of other currencies, have reflected the swings and roundabouts of Britain's mismanagement of oil reserves. The compulsion felt by government to pump every possible gallon of oil from the North Sea, regardless of consequences, is the story of a rake's progress on a grand scale. This extravagant overproduction, and distrust of intervention in the market — witness the dismantling of BNOC — may bring short term benefits; but it runs the long-term risk of debauching the market on whose stability it ultimately depends.

Oil revenues have only served to obscure, rather than solve Britain's longer term problems, in particular the weakness of UK companies abroad, and the shortfall in the balance of payments. As oil output declines and revenues drop, so the deficits in the country's external account will grow larger.

To the problems created by oil, one must now add those that derive from the coal strike. The cost to the balance of payments is at least £4 billion. The total cost to the economy, direct and direct, will be between £6 and £7 billion. It will take until the end of this decade to pay it off, and it will push up the price of energy, especially electricity. The willingness — indeed one might almost say the enthusiasm — of the government to spend that sum of money to get its way with the coal industry stands in stark contrast to its unwillingness to invest in its future. Quite simply, if it had put a half of the money into the industry that it put into winning the strike, the NCB would not have indulged in the precipitate closing of pits which sparked off the strike.

What will emerge in the next year are the government's real objectives for coal. The 'restructuring' of the industry will not only accelerate pit closures, but it will remove national pricing structures. Coal will become part of privatisation in the energy field, and open the doors to the importation of coal with ensuing uncertainties in both price and supply.

Logically the government should have matched its decision to deplete oil at the maximum possible rate with a decision to invest in the coal industry, because not only is coal a

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Please help."

Norman Willis

(General Secretary TUC)

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substitute for oil in the crude heat market, but it is the major source for synthetic oil in the future. It is probably too late to do much about Britain's oil reserves now, so the future will depend on coal, gas and waste energy sources.

The government's decision to deny to British Gas the right to sign a long-term agreement with Norway for supplies from its Sleipner field offers no better hope of long-term good energy management. The Norwegian agreement would secure gas supplies through to the end of the century at what most people estimate would be a lower price than the free market. The government's decision reflects the pressures of the oil companies which sell gas to British Gas, a monopoly buyer, but want to set their own price. Whether gas prices rise or fall, the result of the government bending to oil company pressure will be to add a margin of cost to the British consumer.

Overall it is clear that the government's massive mismanagement of our energy supply can lead only in one direction — higher prices and greater uncertainty about the future.

LOOKING AHEAD, the greatest upward pressure on prices will come from the Central Electricity Generating Board. Unlike British Gas, the CEGB feels no reluctance in embarking upon high risk policies. For reasons which have more to do with politics and the provision of plutonium than electricity generation, the CEGB is an enthusiastic creator of high prices.

The cost of a series of American Pressurised Water Reactors to which it is committed, along with the government, will have immense consequences for the future of the UK. Not only is the public apprehensive about the environmental effects, but nuclear power cannot be justified either on grounds of need or cost. But because it has to have (at least on paper) an alternative to coal, and because of the link with a nuclear weapons capability, the government supports the big nuclear power programme, although it knows that it violates its own canons of cost effectiveness.

If the government does not have an energy strategy, what is its motivation? Is its mismanagement of our energy resources just mindlessness? To some extent: yes. It is obsessed by short-term objectives. But it would be a mistake to say that there is not a management strategy which springs from 'monetarist' policies. It affects energy, as it affects every other aspect of government and gives a coherence to their overall approach.

It is currently expressed in the Treasury paper entitled 'Nationalised Industry Legislation: Consultative Proposals' (see *New Statesman*, 15 March). If accepted, the effect of these proposals will be to accelerate the process of privatisation. They will also increase the revenues raised from the public sector energy suppliers to the government. Gas, electricity, as well as oil, will become major earners of funds for the government. The consumer will be faced with a tax on energy.

Making the consumer into a tax collector has nothing whatsoever to do with energy policy or energy futures for the UK. It is all down to government expediency. While it thinks of its short-term survival, the need in the debate about energy is to relate the dynamics of energy resources to the future of this country into the next century, only 15 years away.

WHAT THEN should the objectives of the missing energy policy be? The first aim should be to secure our supplies of energy, on the basis of meeting our needs from our own resources; the second to halt the rise in energy costs without delay and then to bring them down.

To do this, it is necessary to build energy policy from the bottom up. Instead of exploiting our resources in a wanton manner because it suits the big suppliers, we should begin from the needs of the consumer. The starting point should be to assess the demand for energy, from the point of view of using energy much more efficiently and bringing demand steadily down. For example, electricity prices are high because the Generating Boards have installed excess capacity. Now they want to go for an even bigger nuclear programme. To put one KW of new capacity on line from new nuclear stations will cost around £1,500. To improve the efficient use of energy so that the consumer will not need that extra KW may cost only 10 per cent of that sum.

The displacing of expensive output by making such outputs unnecessary is rational, it saves money and it can be done on a large scale. The obstacles are the big suppliers, and the government, who see, in high energy consumption, high revenues. The policy therefore should be 'Invest to Save'.

There is already plentiful knowledge on how we can save energy. We also know that new technology can transform how we can produce energy. For instance, the coal industry will be

HELP TO MEND SOME LIVES.

"In one way or another everyone has been affected by the long drawn-out coal-mining dispute. The whole nation should now share in the process of healing needed to restore damaged human relationships and the prosperity of the industry. No one should doubt the burden of hardship remaining in the coal-mining communities. There are unpaid bills, savings are gone and in some places so is the furniture. A contribution now to the TUC Miners' Hardship Fund can help in this necessary work of healing."

Most Rev Derek Worlock, Archbishop of Liverpool

"The strike of the miners has ended. But the needs of miners, and their wives and children, remain great. In the mining communities themselves the great need is to give sustenance and succour – to restore confidence and give dignity to hard pressed families. I appeal to all people of goodwill to give quickly and generously to the TUC Miners' Hardship Fund."

George Lowthian, Former General Secretary of a Building Trades Union

"The Hardship Fund is about need. It is not about merit or blame; it is not about reward or revenge. Quite simply it would be wrong to let hardship prevail. Your gifts are needed to create community once again and to build on the splendid mutual aid which testing *times achieved. They will help to nourish friendship,* to reconcile those who are at enmity and to strengthen those human bonds without which no village or town can live . . . nor our country."

Rev Dr Howard Williams, Moderator Free Church Federal Council

"Now that there is a return to work, there is much mending to be done of the fabric of life in mining communities. I have seen real distress and hardship in homes affected by the strike. It will take a long time for many miners and their families to get on their feet again. Many people in comfortable Britain are aware of the deep hurts which the mining communities have suffered. Generous support for the hardship fund is a way in which we can join in the healing process so badly needed in our nation."

Lord Cledwyn of Penhros

"The end of the long and painful strike does not mean that the hardship and suffering comes to a quick conclusion. Everyone knows that the personal sacrifices throughout the coalfields have been enormous and families – and this includes thousands of children – will be in need of constructive assistance for some time to come. We appeal to people of goodwill everywhere to help by giving generously."

Rt Rev David Sheppard, Bishop of Liverpool

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transformed, not least to meet the need for stricter controls to protect the environment. There is no reason why almost all of our cities should not be heated by the waste heat from power stations. This is becoming normal in many cities on the continent. The technology for it is developing very rapidly.

The obstacle is that the big electricity and bulk heat interests will have to adjust. The pollution of the air by noxious sulphur and nitrogen products can be resolved by the use of new kinds of burners called fluidised bed. These are not only more efficient than the existing methods but emit virtually no noxious products. They are proving cost effective in their own terms and have the knock-on savings of causing less environmental damage than the present technologies. Over a whole range of energy technologies new developments are taking place. If the government spent 5 per cent of the revenues that it gathers in from the North Sea on research and development in new technologies, it would increase that expenditure *thirty-fold.* It spends the equivalent of 2 per cent of the oil revenues, however, on nuclear research — seven times the amount goes to the new technologies. The remedy is clear: reverse the priorities. Invest in the future.

Finally, there ought to be a depletion policy instead of the present scramble to exploit energy resources. The value of the fossil fuels will grow with time. They can be an important factor in economic recovery. Only coal is abundant. It is the base line resource, and it will provide for the replacement of both gas and oil — provided the right decisions are taken now.

Of course to cut back 50 million tons of oil exported from the North Sea means changes in government economic policy. That would be no bad thing. It might actually distinguish between the short term use of resources. It might for example prompt the notion that the oil revenues ought to be used for the development of productive industries and to bring down unemployment instead of paying people to do nothing. If some of its revenues were spent on a rolling programme to raise the quality of the housing stock and reduce people's energy bills by implementing simple conservation measures it would extend the life of our energy resources and give useful work to at least 100,000 people.

The Secretary of State, Peter Walker, has stated that £7 billion could be saved by such measures, and, he adds, 'within the lifetime of this Parliament'. Not unless he can persuade his colleagues to think rationally about energy and the economy. □

Colin Sweet is the Director of the Centre for Energy Studies at the Polytechnic of the South Bank.

This England

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□The marquess complained in 1968 that he had been listed as a public house in the Cambridge telephone directory. He said: 'I do not mind so much being listed as a public house. It's rather amusing, but to appear in the tradesmen's section of the telephone directory is something of a let-down'. — *Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

NO PLACE TO GO

Every year, scores of people burn to death in ill-regulated hostels and 'hotels', a product of the housing shortage. Nick Fielding looks at where the responsibility lies

LATE ONE evening last November, a fire broke out at a large building divided into bedsits in Gloucester Place, Westminster. Within a few minutes it had spread to the ground, first and second floors. Most of the 35 or so people living there escaped, but a Bengali woman and her two young children died in their room. The fire brigade later noted that the means of escape were deficient.

Such fires are not particularly uncommon. In 1983, 69 people died in similar fires in England and over the last four years over 600 people throughout Britain have been killed by fires in houses in multiple occupation (HMOs). But what makes this fire particularly significant is that it highlights the mixture of confusion, uncertainty and incompetence surrounding the safety precautions in such houses.

Like the rest of the occupants, the dead woman, Mrs Shamin Akhtar Karim, and her family were homeless, placed there by Camden Council. A disproportionate number of them were Asians. Like several other inner London boroughs, Camden has made extensive use of bed and breakfast hostels in recent years as 'temporary' accommodation for homeless families.

The 23-room hostel at 46 Gloucester Place was owned by Jack Doniger, landlord of a dozen properties at the time. Eight months before the fire Doniger had been at the centre of a scandal concerning overcrowding and profiteering in two of his other properties in Westminster. Camden had been putting families into Gloucester Place for well over a year and the Karim family had been there for nine months.

The day after the fire local council officials and politicians began trying to sort out who was responsible for the failure to inspect the building. Camden at first claimed it inspected all the hotels it used, no matter where they were situated. But about 70 families housed by Camden in Doniger-owned properties thought otherwise; they occupied Camden Town Hall and stayed for over three weeks until council leader Phil Turner promised that all of them would be rehoused.

Westminster council called a press conference the day after the fire where it also claimed that it was blameless. Housing chair Pat Kirwan blamed Camden for 'dumping' families in Westminster. She also stated that the borough had, as the law required, inspected all HMOs over 500 sqm in floor area in the borough. The GLC was responsible, she claimed, because the property was a hotel.

The GLC for its part also claimed to have no responsibility in the matter. Yet its architects' department had given permission only three months before the fire to knock the walls down between No 46 and Nos 42 and 44 (also Doniger-owned), despite the fact that they were all listed buildings and such alterations require specific permission from the GLC's own Historic Buildings Division. The GLC (correctly) refuted Kirwan's argument that No 46 was a hotel. Had it been so it would have been the GLC's responsibility to inspect under the 1971 Fire Precautions Act.

All three councils blamed each other, but gradually a fuller picture started to emerge. A look at the Land Use Register — available to all three councils — showed the floor area of the burnt-out hostel to be over 1000 sqm, and yet it had never been inspected by Westminster. In fact none of Doniger's properties in Westminster had been inspected, despite the earlier scandal. Nor had 194 other listed buildings over 500 sqm in the borough — even though Westminster had a legal duty to do so.

When Doniger's properties were inspected — after the fire — *all* were found to be substandard and lacking in fire precautions. Westminster later claimed its planning department had 'overlooked' them. Of the 194 buildings, about 50 required further action after inspection in December and January. The GLC was unable to explain why its architects had not bothered to consult with the Historic Buildings Division, despite the fact that all listed buildings are picked out in red on planners' maps. Procedures have now been changed.

Camden's plea that it inspected all properties used by homeless families was also proved to be false: it had no qualified staff in the homeless persons unit capable of carrying out such inspections. When a survey of 73 bed and breakfast hotel premises — mostly in

Bengali and Irish women in the protest of Camden Council chamber

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Westminster — was carried out by Camden environmental health officers earlier this year, they recommended an immediate stop to the use of 14, stopping use of 12 more when practicable, and that another 40 should only be used subject to improvement. A further inspection of hotels and hostels in the Kings Cross area of the borough showed that out of 83 inspected, only *seven* were satisfactory.

THERE HAS BEEN a rapid growth in the number of HMOs over the last two or three years all over the country. Councils are obliged to house homeless families. But because of cuts in funding they can neither build new houses nor renovate old ones. They therefore put the families in bed and breakfast places where, in cramped and unsalubrious conditions, many thousands have to live for up to two years.

In addition, these properties are 'home' for many more thousands of single homeless people who have no statutory right to a home. One Bristol paper recently reported a new HMO opening in the city every day, many of them in a poor state of repair. They are owned privately, the landlord assured of a regular income by the DHSS. Despite a government circular advising councils to keep track of the number of HMOs in their area, only 44 out of 366 English authorities do so.

Even where registration schemes exist, safety inspections are minimal. Take Westminster: in 1982 it served 65 Housing Act notices on HMOs requiring remedial work to be carried out. By the time they expired only one had been complied with. Most of the legislation covering HMOs is discretionary and imposes few duties on local councils. Even where laws are ignored by landlords, there is usually little that can be done, especially as these places may change quickly from bedsits to flats to hostels to hotels — each time setting back the process of enforcing repairs or alterations.

The future is going to be worse. Next month, new limits to the amount single people living in 'board and lodgings' can claim from the DHSS come into force, set up by lurid tales ('Costa del Dole', etc) in the popular press of unemployed people living a life of ease in seaside hotels. The new limits will lower the maximum rent level, exclude 16 and 17-year-olds from claiming altogether and restrict claimants to their 'local area'. Instead of reducing the number of claimants, the most likely impact will be further overcrowding and lowering of standards as landlords seek to keep up their income.

Despite the degradation and growing dangers of living in many HMOs (hostels, boarding, lodging or guest houses — the names for HMOs are legion) housing minister Ian Gow has refused to review the safety and inspection procedures. As they stand they allow landlords to ignore them and leave council officials without the power, or will, to act.

The death of Mrs Karim and her children may not have been preventable. That is for the inquest, date to be announced this week, to decide. But without basic protection they didn't stand a chance. The day after the Gloucester Place fire another one broke out in an illegal Warwick Road hotel. Thirteen people were taken to hospital. □

Nick Fielding is deputy editor of Roof *housing magazine.*

Assisting police enquiries

Paul Foot

ON 4 MARCH, Granada's *World in Action* broadcast a reconstruction of the murder last year of the internationally-famous rose grower Hilda Murrell. The reconstruction was very critical of the official police version that a chance burglar killed her. It tended to support the view that her death had something to do with her anti-nuclear campaigning, or her relationship with her nephew Rob Green, who worked in naval intelligence during the Falklands war.

The programme made an awful fool of the deputy chief constable of the West Mercia police. So the West Mercia police were anxious to reply. They did so through an expertly-manipulated edition of the BBC's highly manipulable *Crimewatch*.

Nothing wrong with that, you might think. The police *should* have their own programmes with which to fight crime. Did they not give every assistance to *World in Action*, and were they not therefore entitled to reply when *World in Action* sent them up?

Well, yes and no. While preparing their reconstruction, *World in Action* producer Stuart Prebble and research Jenny Rathbone approached the West Mercia police with a number of requests. They had heard, they said, that the killer had helped himself to a can of lager during his stay in Hilda Murrell's house. Yes, said the police. But that was confidential information, known only to the killer and the police, and certainly not something which should be broadcast. Very well, said Prebble. No lager.

What about the weird story that the murderer had stabbed at the dashboard of Hilda Murrell's car while driving along with the old lady beside him? What about the even weirder stab wounds in a grapefruit which sat under the windscreen? This was all quite true, said the police, but *highly* confidential and *very* crucial. The information certainly should not be broadcast. Fine, said Prebble. Certainly, it wouldn't be.

Could *World in Action* borrow Hilda Murrell's car for their reconstruction, he asked? Can't see any problem, said the police spokesperson, no problem at all. He would just have to check with higher authority. As the days went on, Prebble grew anxious. Was the car definitely going to be released? Once again, the answer came back: no problem.

One day before filming, the police rang up. They were frightfully sorry, but Miss Murrell's car was in 'a thousand pieces', torn asunder by the forensic men. It was quite unsuitable for the road or for television. Prebble and team, their tempers rising, hired another white Renault.

Please, he begged, could he have a photo, or take a photo, of the telephone wires in Miss Murrell's house which, he had heard, had been carefully disconnected so that anyone ringing Hilda Murrell would hear the ringing tone, though the bell would not ring in the house?

Once more, the police explained that this was a *very sensitive matter*, known only to the murderer and his hunters. Nothing could be more *irresponsible* than to show such things on television before the scoundrel was caught. They might tip him off, don't you see? Well, of course Stuart Preeble *did* see. He didn't make much of a fuss, and set about his reconstruction almost without help from the police.

In one matter, however, they were keen to help. They insisted that after the car, driven by the murderer, skidded to a halt in the bank, the man lugged or frog-marched Hilda Murrell, aged 78, straight across an open field in broad daylight till they reached a copse several hundred yards away. Faithful to the demands and instructions of law and order, Prebble's reconstruction follows this route.

Ten days later, the sleuths from *Crimewatch* presented *their* reconstruction. The programme was, for Stuart Prebble, a haunting experience. First, he watched the police video cameras inside the house taking and showing pictures he had been told were 'totally confidential'. Then he saw the can of lager, the one that was known only to the murderer and the police. Hardly had he recovered from the can, when he saw Hilda Murrell's own car trundling into vision. The thousand pieces had suddenly recovered from their forensic testing, and become one again! And there inevitably, under the windscreen, was the grapefruit with the murderer jabbing at it with a knife — and, yes, there he was jabbing too at the confidential dashboard!

And when the man forced the reconstructed Miss Murrell out of the car, he set off on a quite different route to the one the police had insisted on two weeks earlier. What about the telephone wires? The programme would hardly have been complete without them. There they were, plain for two million-odd people to see (in fact, there's a lot of doubt whether these really were the wires from Hilda Murrell's house — but let that pass.) What had been the most secret and confidential information for *World in Action* was openly available for *Crimewatch*.

There are still those whose believe that the police treat all Press inquiries and investigations equally, regardless of their purpose or origin. Anyone who believes that of the Hilda Murrell coverage will believe anything. □

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DIARY

Alison Hennegan

Cambridge

Garden fences, I remind myself as I kick mine crossly, are best climbed by those who are not wearing high heels, fashion tights and voluminous flowing skirts. But then clothes have been a menace all week. . .

It was the letter that started it, with its killer-blow third paragraph: 'Could you please', said the courteous, friendly and helpful note which the BBC unfailingly sends those who, in a mad moment of vainglorious conceit, have agreed to go before its cameras, 'bring with you two sets of clothes for the two programmes'. Instant and utter panic. One clothe stretches my wardrobe to its limits. Two of them are impossible. I'm faced with a double assault on my most vulnerable fronts: purse and politics. What should I wear? And can I afford to? (A tricky verb, that last, fraught with double meaning.) 'Clearly', said the voice of Political Purity, which nags and witters endlessly inside my head, 'you should wear something ordinary, something you feel comfortable in'. But comfortable as *what*, for Heaven's sake, and when and for whom? Which of my many me's am I to clothe? (Quite) poor but (more or less) honest (almost) intellectual, perhaps, although it'll be hell conveying the parentheses. Subverted ex-radical taking first guiltily sold-out steps on temptingly proferred ladder of social acceptance? Or just somebody's daughter? As I rehearse the possibilities over the next, increasingly agitated, two days, I come to realize that so far as television is concerned there's no such thing as 'neutral' dress, no such animal as an 'imageless' image: even breaking images means making them.

○

As so often when Politics get tough, Purse has the final say. Whatever I end up buying must be cheap. And that means a visit to the institution some consider Lord Butler's most lasting legacy to Cambridge: the Nearly New Shop, started by his wife. Here Cambridge ladies bring the cast-offs which not-quite-ladies like me buy. Proceeds go to charity so both bringers and buyers can share the same philanthropic glow. Since there's no point in trying on frocks when you're weaing Doc Martens, I dress for the occasion. Skirted, petticoated and court-shoed, I cycle off with hope in my heart and a prayer on my lips: 'Please, dear God, let there be something suitable for under a tenner.'

○

Once inside the shop I realize I could let fantasy run riot, could attire myself for Glyndebourne, the links, a point-to-point, a May Ball, Garden Party or summer wedding — possibly, even, for a modest television books programme. Indeed, I could, if nerve matched temptation, opt for tails, black tie or morning dress. Could, that is, were I a discreet and well-bred size 10, 12 or 14. But that was a long, long time and many Belgian chocolates ago. This week, it seems, the larger, more generously formed (in fact let's not beat about the bush, size 18) Cambridge lady is not parting with her clothes.

○

Outside and still brooding resentfully, I reach automatically to the place where my trouser pockets usually are and find myself clawing the air for the key to my bicycle padlock. No pockets because no trousers. And no key because no pockets. And if no bicycle key then no front-door key, either. . .

Other people leave spare keys with neighbours, hide them cunningly under near-by gnomes, wear duplicates round their necks. I do not. Furthermore I live alone and even if the cat could open the front door, I left her stalking dead leaves in the garden. With horror churning in my guts, I waft my way back up the hill, bestowing on mystified strangers a glazed Grande Dame smile and stiff-necked Queen Mary nods born of pure desperation. Most people nod back but quicken their pace. . .

○

. . . Once the burglars used to get into my house all too easily. They can't now. Nor can I.

○

With incredulous fury I listen to my voice as I explain my predicament to my next-door neighbour (who's not only kind but, even more to the point, *in*). I squirm mentally at my ridiculously exaggerated intonations, breathily apologetic laughs, fluting, fluttering self-mockery. I sound like a demonstration tape

made by some sociologist of language who's working on cultural patterns of deprecation and effacement revealed in female speech patterns. It's the skirt and shoes, of course: I don't talk like this when I'm wearing boots. Don't have to ask other people to climb my fences, either, I tell myself moodily as I watch my neighbour swarm over and open my back gate. Discreetly, and eschewing thanks, he then leaves me to do alone what must be done. . .

○

I've never broken a window in cold blood before. I hadn't appreciated just how much nerve it takes, even when it's your own. My admiration grows for the suffragettes, who broke other people's. In fact it takes more nerve than I possess. It'll have to be the police. Which is patently impossible, I tell myself sternly on the way to the public telephone. I don't *like* policemen and they don't like me. And, anyway, I add, Responsible Citizen rapidly taking over from Disgruntled Dissident, if everybody who'd been stupid enough to lock themselves out went running to the police, they'd never have time to — well, they'd never have had time to visit all those mining villages and do such sterling work. Sterling work which, now I come to think of it, Cambridgeshire's Chief Constable has always made it clear he bitterly resented doing. Much needed resources, he's pointed out, loud and often, have been diverted from community policing. And the community, *c'est moi*, damn it. I pay rates, don't I? In arrears, admittedly, but rates nonetheless. And, anyway, what policeman faced with the spineless, twittering fool I've become today is going to recognize in me a menace to the social fabric? I can't even menace my own windows. A thought so humiliating I stop dead in my tracks, go home, find a comfortably sized brick and begin. . .

○

The glazier comes promptly, works efficiently and refrains from hurtful comments. He charges a modest £22, which is rather more than I'd set aside for clothes. So, in the end, I had to wear something ordinary after all.

ROGER WODDIS

A word from the Chairman

'People are now discovering the price of insubordination and insurrection.' — Ian MacGregor

The only way to deal with rebels,
Who talk about their sense of loss
And agitate against the masters
To get their slanted views across,
Is to pitch it good and heavy,
And let the bastards know who's boss.

If I were loyal to my nature,
I'd wear a holster on my hip.
The sack for insubordination! —
By crikey, I would crack the whip!
Just give them half an ounce of mercy,
And pretty soon they'd run the ship.

You can't be weak with mutineers;
The lash, I say, for lesser fry!
I'd like to yank them to the yard-arm
And watch them swing against the sky.
To hell with looking to the future —
And bless the name of Captain Bligh!

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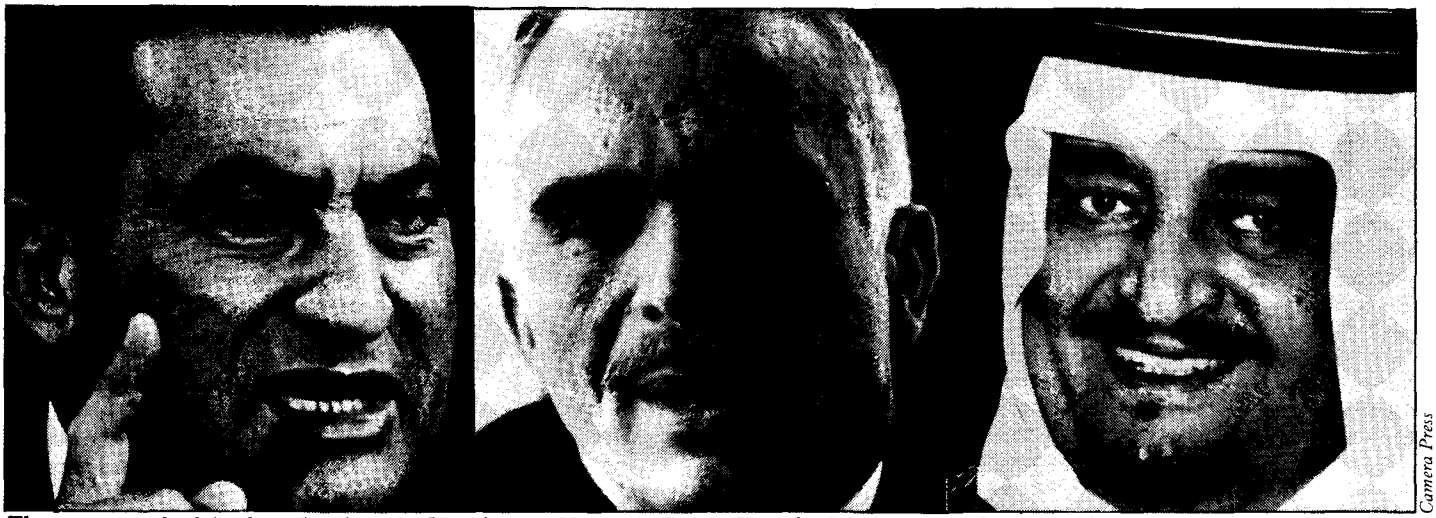
AN ARAB REVOLT IN THE MAKING

Claudia Wright looks at the reception of Arab leaders in Washington — and explains why no one is prepared to recognise the implications of Israeli withdrawal from southern Lebanon



Camera Press

Three nervous Arab leaders pleading with Washington: Mubarak (Egypt), Hussein (Jordan), Fahd (Saudi Arabia)

Washington

WHY HAS A line of Arab leaders travelled to Washington to beg the US to enter peace negotiations with Israel, when the Israeli army and the US Embassy are being driven from Lebanon by the first independent and successful Arab guerrilla movement in 70 years? The answer is embarrassing for the Arab leaders to admit, and difficult for Reagan Administration officials to understand. If they did, they might have hesitated before humiliating King Fahd and President Mubarak as publicly as they have just done.

Every day the Arab press is filled with accounts of the war in southern Lebanon, and in every café where young Arabs sit there is talk of just one thing. The guerrillas of the Lebanese national resistance are inflicting such a defeat, politically, psychologically, and militarily, on the Israeli army that it is unavoidable to ask why such a war couldn't also be fought in the occupied territories. For young Palestinians trapped in the West Bank and Gaza by the decline of job opportunities in the Gulf Arab states, by Jordan's restrictions on transit, and by the contractions in the Israeli job market, the question is just as plain. Thus, at the very moment when the Palestinian leadership is debating what concessions to make for negotiations with Jordan, Israel and the US, conditions in the occupied territories are evolving towards new options for guerrilla resistance.

There has been a great deal of talk about the 'irreversibility' of the Israeli settlements. The French used to say the same thing about their presence in Morocco and Algeria until the cost of remaining became too high to bear. No one, least of all the Arabs, should believe the Israeli government would give up any land in the occupied territories unless they are forced to withdraw, as the French were from North Africa. Israeli officials from Ezer Weizman to Ariel Sharon make this quite clear — as do Israeli public opinion polls.

Officials in Amman, Cairo, and Washington have used these circumstances to try to make it appear that time is running out for the Palestinians — and has already run out for the PLO. They believe there is nothing left to negotiate with Israel except a formula for shared Israeli-Jordanian control of the West Bank that would relieve some of the repression of daily Palestinian life. They say the PLO has no choice but to concede its impotence and its subordination to King Hussein.

If the PLO has rejected the military means to challenge the premise, then it is compelled to accept the political consequences of the conclusion. This permits only the semblance of an independent political role, playing Egyptian pressures off against Jordanian ones and both against Syrian adversaries, hoping against hope for the signal that will never come — US government recognition for the PLO.

IN CONTRAST to the clarity of the events in southern Lebanon this obscure diplomatic manoeuvring towards a new Camp David pact is folly for the Jordanians and Egyptians, and irrelevant for the Palestinians. After surviving the retreat from Lebanon, the Abu Musa revolt, and the split in the PLO, the Palestinian leadership cannot realistically accept that their strategy of concessions-for-negotiations has led to secret communication between Jordanian and Israeli officials. According to Israeli reports, during these communications King Hussein submitted for Israeli approval a list of names of non-PLO Palestinian candidates to sit with the Jordanian delegation at talks on the future of the occupied territories. (Other Israeli reports suggest the Israelis are bluffing King Hussein, as they used to do in the years when he and Israeli ministers met in secret. The King has been told that if he accepts negotiations without other Arab support the Israelis will guarantee his protection — if he refuses, they will plan his downfall.)

The pool of well-educated, unemployed young Arabs in the occupied territories is growing rapidly. The emigration rate (to outside universities or jobs) has dropped from 17 per thousand between 1975 and 1981, to three per thousand since 1983. Israeli estimates also indicate that the majority of the 4,000 Arab college students graduating in the area each year can find no job at all.

Among those who cannot work and cannot leave, a social and political transformation is taking place. Israeli occupation policy has destroyed the old rural pattern of Palestinian settlement and driven the young Arabs into the close proximity of the West Bank towns and cities. There the traditional Palestinian Mukhtars and businessmen, through whom King Hussein and Yasser Arafat have competed to dominate Palestinian politics, are losing their grip. The Israeli defeat in Lebanon has also dramatised what an urban-based guerrilla resistance can do to the vaunted Israeli reputation for invincibility. The result: the conditions are developing for a new Arab revolt.

King Hussein and President Mubarak have every reason to fear that the logic of such a revolt threatens their regimes at least as much as it threatens the Israelis in the occupied territories. Elsewhere in the Arab world the symbolism of the Lebanese resistance is equally threatening, and not merely because some of the Lebanese guerrilla groups are Shi'ite Moslems.

Iraq cannot break the stalemate in the war with Iran, and neither its new long-range *Mirages* from France nor its renewed diplomatic relations with the Reagan Administration have been notably useful in staving off the military reverses inflicted by the Iranians last week. King Hassan of Morocco is also engaged in bitter and protracted war in the Western Sahara, and is discovering that even his friends in the Reagan Administration are

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now looking to balance their interests in the region with new political, economic and even military contacts with Algeria.

IN THEIR INSECURITY these Arab leaders have turned, as they inevitably must, to the protection of the US government. Because this protection is costly and politically unreliable they need frequent reassurance. This is the fundamental reason for the Washington visits of Saudi King Fahd, President Mubarak, and the Jordanian Foreign Minister.

The Saudi King needs to be allowed to buy additional F-15 aircraft to demonstrate the Administration hasn't abandoned him now that Saudi oil and investments are no longer the strategic assets they once were. Mubarak badly needs American cash and arms, for which he must outbid King Hussein in private exercises of fealty. American officials like George Shultz, who blame the Arabs exactly the way the Israelis do for the humiliation in Lebanon, find their prejudices confirmed by these beggarly performances.

The visits themselves are self-defeating. Arab leaders can't be safe if at home they appear dependent on American protection, and they don't believe they can be safe without it. To avoid the appearance of dependency and assure the substance of protection, each of these leaders has tried to act as if he is negotiating on behalf of the Palestinians. Since it doesn't suit the Israelis or their friends in Washington to make concessions for such negotiations, they have been quick to expose the Arab charade.

The Arab leaders were all warned what to expect and even advised for their own good not to come. The Saudi Ambassador in Washington dismissed the warnings of two experienced former US officials as 'too negative'. Mubarak sent his diplomatic adviser, and his foreign and defence ministers, to arrive ahead of him. Hussein has sent his chief of staff and foreign minister on separate scouting expeditions. Once Fahd made the trip, however, it has been difficult for the others to turn back, so intense is the rivalry between them within the Arab world. Their need to believe that US interests require their survival, and could not be sacrificed by prejudice or miscalculation on the Americans' part, is so great they cannot heed well-informed advice.

The Administration has also failed to understand that in identifying so thoroughly with Israel's war in Lebanon and with Israel's aim of destroying all trace of Palestinian nationalism in the occupied territories, they compel all Arab nationalists, wherever they are, to identify with and celebrate the Lebanese resistance. Arab nationalism may have been pronounced dead at Gamal Abdel Nasser's bedside, but a new form of this ideology, unlimited by the glib phrase 'Islamic fundamentalism', is reviving. It needs neither Nasser nor the Ayatollah Khomeini to inspire it.

The Administration may think, like the Israelis, that the problem it has brought on itself is a relatively limited one of terrorist attack by Moslem 'fanatics'. What the Americans and Israelis don't understand is that in ridding themselves of Arafat's political influence and undermining the remaining pillars of the American protectorate in the region, they are bringing closer the outbreak of costly revolts they will be incapable of extinguishing. □

HUNGARY

A MODEL FOR GORBACHEV?

Bob Dent assesses the tensions in the Hungarian economy

'THE MINISTERS travel on the underground and so they hear the people complaining that the cost of living is too low.' Cabaret on Radio Budapest is a traditional forum for critical political humour in Hungary. On 19 January the party daily, *Nepsabadsag*, printed the annual list of prices to be increased: milk 27 per cent, cheese 40 per cent, sugar 16 per cent, heating costs 25 per cent. Inflation has become a fact of life in Hungary.

At the end of the Seventies the delayed impact of the world oil crisis in Eastern Europe drove home the fact that a trading nation like Hungary could not escape the consequences of fluctuations in the world economy. Hungary was running the highest per capita debt to Western banks of any East European country. Poland's near bankruptcy and threatened credit embargoes following events in Afghanistan spurred the Hungarian authorities into action. Boosting production for export, curbing imports and checking home demand, all to help ease the debt crisis, are now the priorities.

Deregulation of prices and the reduction of state subsidies is also the inevitable consequence of an economic reform in Hungary which stretches way back to the late 1960s. In 1968 Hungarian enterprises were given a degree of independence from central state control under the country's 'New Economic Mechanism'. The idea was to encourage greater efficiency by giving managers more flexibility in determining their own production content and schedules.

Already in the countryside a combination of private plots and agricultural co-operatives, rather than Soviet-style state farms, had given the Hungarian economy a sound agricultural base which continues to this day. Food shortages are virtually unknown in Budapest and until recently subsidies have made consumer food prices extremely cheap. Indeed, so successful is the country's agriculture that Hungary is a net exporter of meat and meat products. About half of Hungary's national income is derived from foreign trade and about half of this now is from trade with the West.

These developments worried conservative managers unhappy about taking risks, trade unionists concerned about possible loss of job security, bureaucrats fearing loss of position and others worried about the greater inequalities a more market-oriented economy might bring.

CRITICS FIND plenty to complain about as a *nouveau riche* class emerges, which boasts of its latest imported Western cars or video machines. The electronics company Videoton has in fact just begun manufacturing a Hungarian VCR and the first video film hire shop has recently opened in Budapest.

The government does its best to counter inequalities. The recent price rises, as in previous years, were accompanied by increases in family, sickness, childcare and other benefits and wage rates for many workers are still centrally regulated.

But for people with surplus cash, even a kind of stock market is emerging. For several years enterprises, banks and other institutions have been able to buy bonds in individual companies, which promise a rate of return after a fixed period. This has been a method of redistributing investment resources without central direction. Now individuals can purchase bonds. The economic weekly *Figyelo* even quotes current prices. Defenders of this apparent capitalist innovation point to the fact that unlike shares in the West Hungarian bonds carry no ownership rights.

One unique aspect of the Hungarian experiment is the way in which the 'second economy' is being legitimised and integrated into the official, or 'first' economy. In Hungary, as in other socialist countries, bureaucratic mismanagement has often in the past resulted in serious shortages, in particular in consumer goods and services. Bribery, corruption, special favours and people working at a second job outside normal hours became the norm. Official statistics have admitted that 75 per cent of families were in some way engaged in this 'second' economy; and that such work took up to 20 per cent of working time.

In 1976 the National Planning Office organised an enquiry into the second economy. The aim was not to liquidate secondary activities, nor to apply sanctions, but to investigate how to legalise and integrate those activities considered socially necessary. The result has been that since 1982 a whole array of small enterprises, economic working teams and specialised groups have sprung up in Hungarian factories as workers have been encouraged to register themselves as a work unit and take on work outside normal hours, often using state or enterprise equipment.

Laszlo Katona, for example, has worked at the Duna electronics co-operative in Budapest for the past 12 years. The firm specialises in the installation and repair of computerised equipment. Last year along with five fellow workers he formed a small GMK, as these work units are known by their Hungarian initials.

'Not everyone likes it,' admits Laszlo, 'and even I don't to an extent. There are a lot of contradictions. We are practically doing a kind of piece work for our own co-operative. But the opportunity is given to earn extra money and it's a kind of necessity.'

Most economists, sociologists and politicians argue that the overall effect is beneficial and that greater enterprise and initiative will result in greater efficiency and generate more overall wealth. Many, though, are worried that the increasing market orientation, even for state enterprises, may result in Western-style unemployment as uneconomic firms are allowed to go out of business in the name of greater overall efficiency. Indeed, last March the Pest County Construction Company became the first Hungarian company to be declared insolvent.

So far workers in this situation — and there are an increasing number who are finding themselves redundant — are found jobs elsewhere. The legal guarantee of employment

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still holds. An indication of the overall labour shortage is that in 1984 115,000 school leavers could choose from 150,000 jobs. Nevertheless, economists are beginning to discuss the problems of maintaining the twin goals of full *and* efficient employment. 'It is an illusion to think', one official document asserts, 'that these two requirements can be realised simultaneously without giving rise to conflicts.'

The economic reforms are beginning to demand complementary changes in the political sphere. A new electoral law makes it compulsory that all seats in next June's election to the National Assembly be contested by two or more candidates. The candidates will still have to emerge through the filter of the party-dominated Patriotic People's Front and it is not clear yet upon what competing basis different candidates will stand, but all voters will have a choice for the first time in years.

More concretely, perhaps, last year the central committee approved measures giving workers in small enterprises the right to elect their own managers. The process started for the first time at the Glovita glove factory in the town of Szekesfehervar last autumn and is due to continue elsewhere throughout 1985.

In medium-sized firms company councils are to be elected to oversee management functions and plans are being discussed for introducing elements of industrial democracy into large enterprises in the longer run.

It is only just over 30 years since Hungary emerged from its Stalinist period under the authoritarian rule of Matyas Rakosi. Hungary had no previous long-standing experience of democracy. Next week's congress of the ruling Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party could signal the revitalisation of East European socialism. □

CYPRUS

MEDITERRANEAN 'VODKA COLA'

Christopher Price on a knock-on effect of Greek elections

Nicosia

THE PRESSURE has been mounting this week for Greek Cypriot President Spyros Kyprianou to do a U-turn and accept the deal with the Turkish Cyriots which he refused to sign at the UN in New York two months ago. He is under increasing pressure from both the Left and the Right of the political spectrum in Cyprus to sign or resign.

His foreign secretary was visited last weekend by a British Foreign Office emissary with a stark message that, unless he signed soon, the West would no longer restrain Rauf Denktash, the Turkish Cypriot 'President', from legalising his mini-state in the north of the island. The process is now becoming entangled with the Greek elections set for 5 May.

Kyprianou refused to sign the deal in New York because of the gaps and uncertainties in it — particularly over the withdrawal of Turkish troops — over which Denktash refused to negotiate. He felt that signing would have been tantamount to legitimising the 1974 Turkish invasion and the *de facto* partition which has existed ever since, without any guarantee that the proposed federal state would work.

His presidency has always rested on a thin political base — his Diko party got less than 20 per cent of the vote at the last elections. The two major political parties — Glavcos Clerides' right-wing Rally (which backs the US and NATO) and the Moscow-leaning Communists AKEL, with 67 per cent of the popular vote between them, had both come to believe a settlement was necessary. The House of Representatives last week passed a vote of no confidence in the President. Since Cyprus has a presidential constitution, the vote cannot force Kyprianou to resign. But it is difficult to see how he can now continue to govern Cyprus with any credibility through to the next presidential election in 1988.

THE PRESIDENT has his defenders. Dr Vassos Lysserides of the small socialist Edek Party made easily the most impressive speech in the House of Representatives in which he told the President that he should never have exposed himself by going to New York in the first place. Andreas Papandreou, the Greek Prime Minister, has supported him throughout. Indeed the one thread that unites all Kyprianou's tormenters — Clerides, AKEL, the US, NATO and the Soviet Union — is that they would all like Papandreou to do badly in the parliamentary elections he is now having to hold in the wake of Karamanlis' resignation as President of Greece.

Cyprus is certain to be an issue at the elections and Papandreou finds himself in a Catch 22 situation. If Kyprianou capitulates and signs, that would constitute a reversal of Papandreou's tough line with the Turks on Cyprus. If he fails to sign and the West moves to legitimise Denktash, that too would blow a gaping hole in his Cyprus policy. Suddenly it is Greece, as well as Cyprus, which is on the receiving end of the 'Vodka Cola' international pressure which has been building up on Kyprianou for over six months now.

Part of the pressure on Kyprianou to sign was for domestic US consumption. When he refused, it became very much easier for the Reagan Administration to deal with the Greek lobby in Congress. The Greek Cypriots were for the first time cast as the villains of the piece and it has also become easier for the US to increase its military aid to Turkey — a country it regards as its only really stable Middle East ally. Their longer term aim is to force Kyprianou out and get Clerides elected President of Cyprus. There is no one else of sufficient political stature to oppose Clerides at a presidential election, and though Ezekias Papaiannou, the Communist AKEL leader, recently said that the Communists would never support him for President, the hint was there that they might not oppose him either. Papaiannou still has not forgiven Kyprianou for bowing to US pressure and jettisoning the 'minimum programme' agreement with AKEL which, until last year, had ensured Kyprianou's survival as President.

In recent years the scenario of a Cyprus solution put forward in NATO and the West has gone something like this: 'If only the Greek Cypriots would legitimise partition and accept some loose confederal constitution to give the impression of a united country to the outside world, then the Turkish Cypriot economy can be built up, tension can be lessened by general prosperity all round and the nightmare of double *enosis* with mainland Greece and Turkey — leaving Greek and Turkish soldiers facing each other across hundreds of miles of very hostile country — could be avoided.'

It has always been an unlikely scenario, and *de facto* 'double *enosis*' is now beginning to feel uncomfortably close. As 1 April approaches — the 30th anniversary of the first shot in the Eoka struggle of the 1950s — nationalist feeling is visibly resurgent among Greek Cypriots, ironically fuelled by Papandreou's tough stance against the Turks and his refusal to respond to the request of Turkish Prime Minister Ozal for a meeting. On the Turkish Cypriot side Denktash has recently signed a trade deal which effectively unites his economy with Turkey: and the Turks are just completing a vast new military airport at Lefkonico which will eventually become a permanent Turkish military base — so that in the event of any Turkish invasion, troops can come in securely by air and not by sea as they had to in 1974.

Indeed Cyprus is rapidly becoming the most airported island in the world. The Turks moved their base to Lefkoniko because their existing airport is within rocket range of the Greek Cypriots: the Greek Cypriots recently built an extra airport, supposedly for the tourist trade but certainly with military contingencies in mind also. On top of this the British still have their Akrotiri air base where the RAF trains, while Nicosia airport remains unused in UN mothballs. □

THIS WEEK in NEWSociety

Who are Le Pen's legions?
New research shows just who supports France's far right

The war between the two Islams
Shahram Chubin on what the Iran-Iraq war means

Getting inside high-tech man
After Organisation Man, a new stereotype — with troubles of his own

Plus: Michael Wood on all the Carmens, including Mérimée's

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LETTERS

Facts not factions

Reg Race, head of the Programme Office, GLC

Mr Kellner clearly enjoys being unencumbered by facts when he writes his weekly polemic. His latest effort (*NS* 15 March) is best understood as 'trying to make a political point'. He cannot resist smearing my record as an active, left-wing constituency-based MP. The facts are these.

It was clear all along that there was no majority in the GLC Labour Group for the 'no precept' position. In the light of this knowledge, it was sensible to have a fall-back position that could be brought into play once the 'no precept' position had been voted down.

It was important to have one for this additional reason: it was known, in advance, that the Director-General of the GLC had a fall-back position which he would persuade the Chair to move at the end of the budget debate if no precept had at that time been carried. And we *knew* that his paper contained at least £30 million of cuts in services.

It was also possible that in the scramble to make a precept — almost any precept — at the end of the budget debate, the GLC could have been lumbered with a Tory budget that we *knew* would cut £250 million from services.

Our fall-back strategy was based on a simple position: no cuts in services or jobs, and *growth* (real growth) of £25 million in services. It was possible because we could change the GLC's capital financing policy — which has been overtly monetarist since 1969 — into a reflationary policy, releasing up to £112 million a year for services.

This was no an attempt to stay legal at all costs, as Mr Kellner would have us believe. It was an attempt to protect the trade unionists who work for the council, and the services provided for Londoners — an objective which I assume all members of the party share.

It was right not to vote for a precept. But, that position having been defeated, it was right to move to defend jobs and services.

These are the simple facts. It is a pity Mr Kellner seeks to distort them for his own dubious reasons.

How it could have been

Alan Leaman, London SW16

About six months ago, the Labour Party in London could have launched a popular campaign to defeat rate-capping. They could have decided that the defence of local democracy is more important than party and personal egos. They could have decided that sectarianism would take second place to an effective mobilisation, drawing upon cross-party and non-party opposition to the government's plans.

There is no doubt that the potential was there, particularly after public opinion had been alerted to many of the relevant issues through the campaign to save the GLC. Here was an enormous convergence of interests, capable of reaching out to the mass of the public in a way rarely seen in Britain.

Instead we have the current fiasco. How can it be, in the world of real politics, that divisions within the left of Labour have dominated the debate? How can it be that the disaster of rate-capping was turned into a law and order issue? How can it be that, even now, the Labour Party has so little regard for the need to look for allies and seems so keen to exclude them through its fetish with 'illegalism'?

A great opportunity has been lost. Local government in London will find it difficult to recover.

Good for a laugh

Molly Richardson, London SE13

Funny thing, humour. There was much in Hugo Williams's diatribe against *Last of the Summer Wine* (*NS* 15 March) with which I agree, and yet the programme has me in stitches every week. I think it's a bit unfair to criticise it for being full of derivative characters — the true comic originals are few and far between, and even some of them can perhaps lay claim to ancestors somewhere in the long history of music hall or comic writing. The 'lovable rogue' is hardly an original concept, but are we therefore to draw no pleasure from *Minder*, *Likely Lads*, *Only Fools and Horses* or *Porridge*?

Perhaps most long-running successful series become in time a shade self-regarding. Maybe the fact that Mr Williams refers throughout to the characters in *Summer Wine* and not the actors is in itself a tribute to the cast, especially Peter Sallis, Bill Owen and Brian Wilde. These are highly skilled comedy acting performances; and while some may find Roy Clarke's writing a touch on the mannered side, I (and clearly many others) find it funny, literate and sharp.

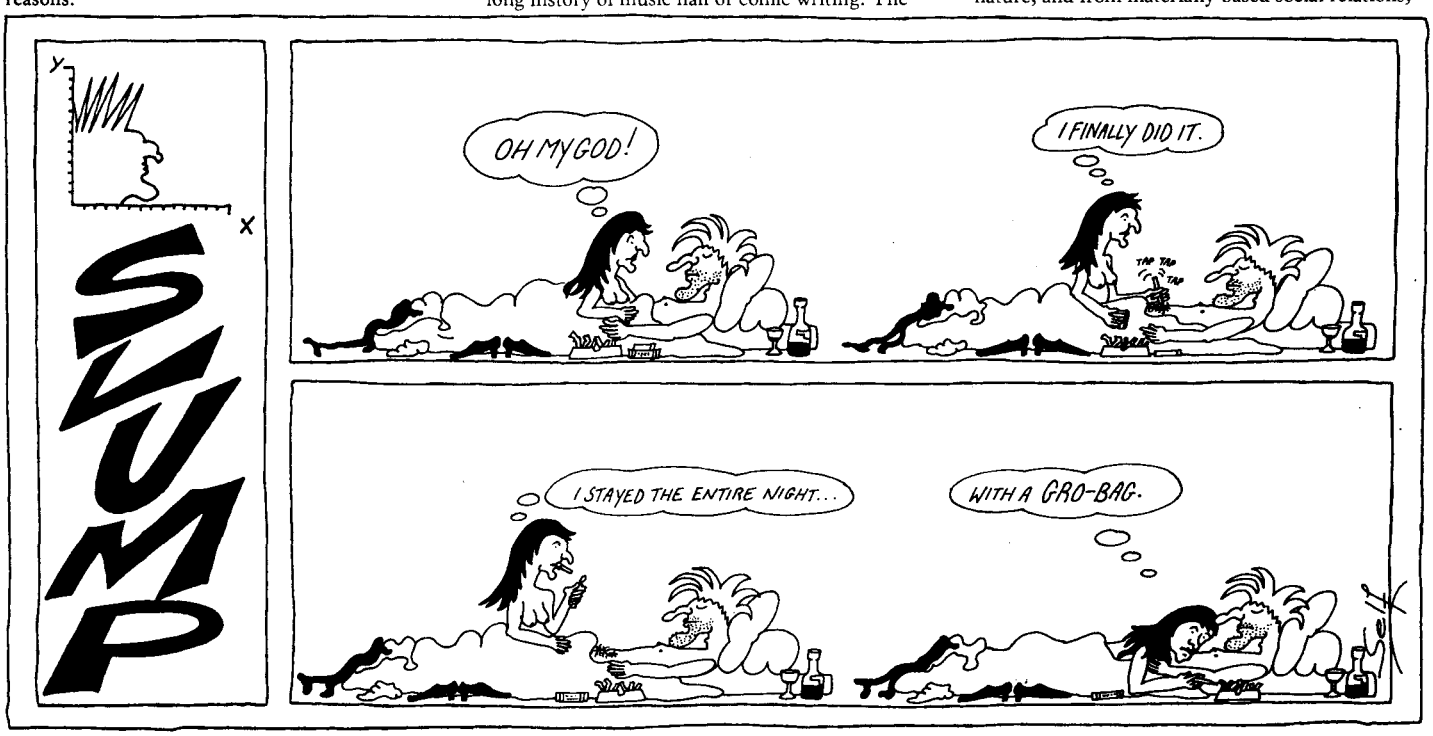
Sexuality and socialism

Jamie Gough, London WC1

I would like to take up two issues raised in Anna Durell's review of Mike Macnair's and my book, *Gay Liberation in the Eighties* (*NS* 1 March). Durell notes that our argument for a close connection between the projects of gay liberation and of socialism will be unfamiliar to most readers. She argues that this is due to 'successful obscenity and indecency laws and the conservatism of mainstream publishers'. This explanation seems rather thin. The State has not yet gone as far as to suppress domestically published books on gay politics, and even 'fringe' publishers have not filled the gap that Durell identifies.

I think a more plausible explanation has to do with failings of the Left rather than censorship by the Right. Over the last ten years, the dominant tendencies in writing (though not necessarily action) on the politics of sexuality have been 'post-Althusserian' currents, especially those grouped around the ideas of Michel Foucault; and radical feminism. The latter has, of course, sought to radically dissociate sexual politics from the socialist project. The former currents, especially those of a Eurocommunist hue, have been more cautious on this question.

But their assumption that sexuality can be analysed as a series of 'discourses', substantially detached from the material world, from human nature, and from materially based social relations,



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means that they are unable to offer any systematic account of the connections between sexual liberation and socialism, even where they have not abandoned the notion of sexual liberation itself. It is therefore not surprising that, while there have been increasingly strong links in practice between the lesbian and gay movement and the socialist movement, these links have not been theorised.

Durell reproaches us for not explaining 'how men can be persuaded to abandon (their) privileges, especially when most aspects of their lives are under threat'. The word 'especially' here is misleading. The experience of lesbian and gay miners' support groups has been that men from communities which had hardly been noted for their progressive sexual politics have come to see strong connections between their fight for jobs and that for lesbian and gay rights, in the first place in terms of the common enemies of the government and the police. It is surely through these practical experiences, which can reveal the connections between different forms of oppression and the obstacles presented by existing divisions, that men can be persuaded to abandon their privileges for a social order which offers much greater benefits.

Relations between Jews and Blacks

Dr Jacob Gewirtz, Board of Deputies of British Jews

Michael Coren (*NS* 15 March) has been less than fair to the Jewish community in what reads like a public relations handout for the Jewish Socialist Group, an obscure, minuscule organization dominated by a handful of Trotskyist sectarians. To describe their attitude to race relations as 'enlightened', while criticising Jews 'in leading positions' of a reluctance to expose 'friction between Jews and Blacks' is to turn truth and logic on their head.

There is no quarrel between Jews and Blacks in Britain and it is a gross disservice to good race relations to imply that there is. The peddling of hate is not the sole prerogative of the lunatic Right. Mr Coren might have directed his attention more profitably to attempts by the far Left to ban Jewish societies on campus. For all its bluster and racist invective the National Front has never managed to achieve that.

Mea culpa

John Lucas, Athens

It was kind of Angus Calder (Letters 1 March) to come to my defence, but I'm afraid the truth is that I was wrong about Blake Morrison's poem 'The Inquisitor' (*NS* 8 February) and that Craig Raine (Letters 22 February) was quite right to say so.

I don't, however, accept that I failed to understand his own 'The Grey Boy'. I was trying to say that the poem could communicate before it was fully understood and that its power didn't depend on a reader being able to explain what it was about in prose terms. I was startled when a correspondent claimed that the poem was meaningless, because that wasn't what I had intended to suggest; and I wrote him a two-page account of the poem's meaning, adding that to know all this still didn't seem to me to account for the poem's value. What I had hoped to do in the review was to suggest that 'The Grey Boy' was much more than the sum of its paraphrasable parts. I'm sorry if that didn't come across and I recognise that the tactic was perhaps a mistake. The mistake over 'The Inquisitor' is of a different order. *Mea culpa.*

FEEDBACK

Can judges ever protect our liberties?

THE GROVELLING obsequiousness of some of our present judges in the face of the government's repeated assaults on civil liberties is infinitely depressing. John Griffith's catalogue of illustrations — Tisdall, GCHQ, and Ponting the most recent (*NS* 15 March) — seems to confirm the thesis of his famous book, *The Politics of the Judiciary*: the role of the judges is not to protect the citizen against the government; it is to preserve and protect the status quo, whatever the colour of the government in power. It is a view which receives wide assent on the Left at a time when pessimism is seen as realism. But are we really forced to accept that the courts will remain for all time incapable of standing up to the executive? In other words, is Tory authoritarianism inherent in the judicial process, or could it be that the current spinelessness in response to claims of 'national security' is a result of the uniquely narrow class-based structure of the English legal system and, particularly, legal profession?

A confident answer is impossible because our only experience is of a judiciary dominated by attitudes formed in the quadrangles of public schools, Oxbridge and the Inns of Court which largely coincide with the attitudes of Tory politicians of similar background. Furthermore, John Griffith is plainly right to point out that the judges are an integral part of the political system; they are subjected to many pressures, apart from their own prejudices, to share and favour the objectives of a Tory government: the fact that judicial salaries are paid by the government may not itself be a source of bias, but the size of those salaries, and the wealth which most judges have acquired during lucrative practice at the Bar, together with a social status only just this side of idolatry, combine to give them an overwhelming vested interest in the maintenance of an economic and social pyramid which places them very close to the summit. Their values, held in common with others in authority, include the maintenance of law and order, the protection of private property, the containment of the trade union movement, and the continuance of governments which conduct their business in private.

HOWEVER, comparison between our judges and those in some other countries suggests that the failure of judges to safeguard individual liberties is not inevitable. Since 1950, the United Kingdom has been a party to the European Human Rights Convention. Since 1966, individuals in the UK may complain personally to the Commission of Human Rights in Strasbourg (and, if necessary, in certain cases to the Court of Human Rights as well) claiming that their rights have not been adequately protected by the British courts or Parliament. The Convention has its weaknesses, but it provides better safeguards than British domestic law, as is demonstrated by the cases which have been successfully brought before the groups of European judges — far less conservative than British judges — who constitute the Commission and the Court. Redress for those who could not otherwise obtain it, as well as compulsory improvements in United Kingdom law, have been brought about in such matters as the following: interference with prisoners' correspondence; access by prisoners to the civil courts; prison disciplinary proceedings; interrogation techniques and internment in Northern Ireland; judicial corporal punishment in the Isle of Man; corporal punishment in schools; detention and recall of mental patients and their right of access to the courts; contempt of court.

The removal of trade union rights at GCHQ was upheld by the House of Lords but is likely to be overturned at Strasbourg. In this and most of the other cases mentioned, Parliament can be and has been compelled to legislate to force judges to implement Convention rights, but the process is extremely cumbersome and slow. It is also expensive where the very limited legal aid available from the Commission cannot be stretched to cover the cost. Because the claimant usually has to slog through the domestic courts first (to prove that domestic law fails to provide a remedy) getting to the end of the road may take eight years or more. Why then, say Lord Scarman and others, should not British judges be compelled themselves to apply Strasbourg standards, saving the luckless citizen a burden which must surely deny many the rights which the Convention gives them?

A FEW ENLIGHTENED judges are already willing to look to the Convention for guidance, but most maintain — correctly under the present law — that they are not bound by it. John Griffith is understandably sceptical about the willingness or ability of British judges to enforce the Convention against class interests. He is also aware that the Convention rests on political assumptions not all of which would necessarily be shared by a future Labour government. Yet he does not appear to be opposed to Britain remaining a party. It is therefore hard to understand why he should think that making judges give effect to the Convention in domestic courts should make matters worse, for the back-stop of an application to Strasbourg still remains.

Certainly, incorporating the Convention into our domestic law is no substitute for specific laws designed in precise terms to protect individuals from invasion of their liberties. That is why it remains vital to support NCCL and other bodies who monitor infringements and press for the detailed reforms that are needed. Not least among the latter is the re-organisation of the legal profession which will give us better judges, who are alive to their responsibility for protecting individuals against a repressive State. Scarman's proposals would at worst force judges to listen to human rights arguments. That is better than the present position, in which they can both ignore them and claim that they are right to ignore them.

Geoffrey Bindman

Geoffrey Bindman is a solicitor in private practice and a former chair of the Legal Action Group.

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WRITING FOR THE FUTURE
The politics of literature

Women are creating an ambitious and versatile literature, offering through their utopian visions an inspiration to the whole Left. FRANCIS MULHERN looks at the reasons why, and at the cultural lead of socialist feminism

ONE OF THE outstanding features of the contemporary women's movement is its cultural dynamism. So much is nowadays freely acknowledged even by those who take no comfort from the fact. To many this may seem merely obvious; the women's movement has shown comparable dynamism in all its interventions, in whatever theatre. But for socialists like myself, male or female, formed in and still committed to the traditions of revolutionary Marxism, the cultural capacity of the women's movement can be seen as a challenge in itself, over and above the general political and ideological challenge to which it contributes. What is most remarkable about this new oppositional culture is its *upward reach*.

The growth of a dense and various recreational culture, the stress on collective self-education, the integration of cultural practices into immediately political campaigns — however impressive in their own right, these are not peculiar to feminist activity. Labour movements everywhere have encouraged similar development, as have socialist and communist parties, where conditions favoured the attempt. Neither is there anything especially distinctive in the feminist challenge to established bodies of knowledge; the record of Marxism in this respect bears comparison with any. The most striking distinction of feminist cultural practice appears rather in its ability to assert itself forcefully on the high ground of the dominant culture — in the literary arts.

The socialist Left has long had a presence in this sphere; and, thanks to writers like Raymond Williams and Ken Worpole, we now know more about the extent of working-class participation in it. But the fact remains that an international survey of this presence would be rather like a Michelin *Guide Rouge*: a route-map of widely spaced, often inaccessible monuments. Viewed in contrast, today's committed women's writing is quite extraordinary in its concentration, versatility, ambition and appeal.

I want to try to explore something of the significance of this phenomenon: to ask what conditions favour it, and also what it might mean for specifically socialist interventions in the literary arts, particularly the novel. The range of novelists I will discuss is very narrow, limited by my knowledge and interests, and the contingencies of teaching commitments in the area of contemporary American literature; and the inferences I draw are very generally and graphically stated. The undertaking is therefore a risky one; whether it is nevertheless worthwhile is a point that others will judge for themselves.

'Most socialist intellectuals are socially separate from the class to which they give their political allegiance; the situation with feminist intellectuals is the opposite. They are fully members of the sex to and for which they speak.'

AT LEAST two kinds of condition seem to bear upon the character of this new writing: one concerns feminism generally, the other is specifically literary.

We are all intellectuals, Antonio Gramsci wrote, but only some of us are intellectuals by objective social function. This was the starting point and the horizon of his celebrated quest for an authentic communist cultural politics sustained by 'organic intellectuals' — intellectials *of* and *for* the working class. Building on the earlier theses of Lenin, Gramsci focused on the social division of mental and manual labour in capitalism, and on the cultural inequality to which the working class was systematically subjected by it, as a key obstacle to the formation of a conscious revolutionary movement.

Contemporary feminism has in effect been able to reverse the emphasis of Gramsci's maxim. For women, like other non-class social categories, are not subject to that division of labour in the same way. They are of course organised and in many ways oppressed by it. But, unlike classes, they are not fundamentally *constituted* by it. Gender is socially constructed on the basis of biological difference, but class relations are exclusively social, and have no human basis of any kind outside the historical structures that create them. A member of the working class is among other things someone who by social definition is placed on the subordinate side of the capitalist division of mental and manual labour, who is excluded from the specialised social function of cultural production. And an intellectual in this sense is someone who is among other things not a proletarian. In normal conditions, workers can gain access to the means of cultural production only by ceasing to be members of their class, or becoming 'organic intellectuals' in parties and unions, disciplined organisations whose purposes are, of necessity, mainly instrumental.

Either way, the culture of the socialist workers movement is constantly pressed towards inequality and 'practical' narrowness. There is no parallel in the situation of women as such. All the workings of gender oppression notwithstanding, their access to intellectual functions is not (now) decisively regulated by the fact of their sex and does not alienate them from it. In other words, Gramsci's strategic question is posed and resolved quite differently in the case of the women's movement. Most socialist intellectuals are socially separate from the class to which they give their political allegiance; the situation with feminist intellectuals is the opposite. They are, as it were, *spontaneously* 'organic', fully members of the sex to and for which they speak.

This social-structural reality has

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coloured the whole political and cultural ethos of the movement, encouraging a comprehensive moral radicalism with few counterparts outside its ranks. If anarchism can sometimes seem a pervasive element in the atmosphere of the movement, if utopianism has become a key reference in feminist discussion, this is in large measure because the movement is itself something of a utopia: an objectively advanced ('prefigurative') space within the still-rigid hierarchies of bourgeois culture. This situation exacts high costs: in *class*-related inequalities and exclusions, and in the irreducible ambiguities of lifestyle politics, whose small-scale achievements may have an exemplary value but are no substitute for a collective public struggle against the conditions that debar the great majority of women from similar initiatives in their own lives. Nevertheless its cultural benefits have been very great.

Within the dominant literary culture, then, the novel has long been the weak link. As readers and often as writers, women have played a major role in sustaining the form; and gender has always been one of the central concerns of novelistic discourse. The novel is, therefore, peculiarly accessible to feminist intervention and, more than this, peculiarly vulnerable in the face of it. Throughout the bourgeois era, the novel has supported naturalised constructions of the personal whose role in the management of ideological conflict has been indispensable. Repeatedly, contradictions of class and nation (to name two especially important kinds) are displaced and contained through the fateful opportunities of love and marriage. This is especially evident in narratives utilising the familiar modes of romance, on which the novel has never ceased to rely: Disraeli's *Sybil*, James's *The Europeans* or Forster's *Howards End*, to name three.

Given the existence of these ideologies of the personal, and their crucial relationship with representations of women, feminism could not simply take up residence in 'the house of fiction'. The slogan 'the personal is political' was a challenge to the established canons of novelistic practice. It announced not only an extension or revision of existing representations of gender and sexuality but a wider upheaval in the settled conventions of the form.

AMONG THE many signs of the cultural possibilities now opening up, the most telling is the revival of the utopian novel. We do well to recognize just how determinedly the official culture has mobilised against any image of an emancipated future (think only of the three wise men of the secondary-school curriculum: Huxley, Orwell, Golding) and with what intimate victories over the political sensibilities of us all. It is

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significant, then, that the seventies saw the appearance of two remarkable utopian novels, both socialist, but, significantly, both written by women committed in their different ways to feminism: Ursula Le Guin (*The Dispossessed*) and Marge Piercy (*Woman on the Edge of Time*).

These novels are about as different as any two of a kind could be. Le Guin exploits the conventional apparatus of science fiction far more than Piercy, who relies heavily on naturalistic modes. Piercy writes out of the traditions of the American New Left, while Le Guin appeals to Eastern philosophy. Le Guin's is a striking 'dialectical' narrative, while Piercy pursues a more familiar, didactic strategy. *Woman on the Edge of Time* is socially the more radical novel; *The Dispossessed*, for all its interplanetary futurism, is preoccupied with issues historically closer to those of the real present. But what they have in common is their capacity to imagine, both freely and rigorously, the detailed shapes of a transformed existence. And not only the achievements of such a state, but also its remaining difficulties, for neither depicts what William Morris foresaw as 'an epoch of rest': their commitment, in the futures they project as in the present for which they write, is to the *problems* of any struggle for emancipation.

'I must love the questions themselves.' These words come from a poem by another American feminist writer, Alice Walker; and they trace one important bond between the novels I have mentioned and her own highly distinctive writing. Walker is one of a wave of black American women writers whose work has recently become available in this country (others include Toni Morrison, Toni Cade Bambara, Audre Lorde). The tradition in which she writes is thus significantly different from that of her white peers. Questions of race, in its complex relations with gender, sexuality and class, are to the fore in her work. She has not written a utopia, though the novel that confirmed her reputation, *The Color Purple*, is a virtuoso exercise in the closely related mode of romance.

A full account of Walker's work would insist, as she does, on the integrity of her substantive concerns. But in the present context what is most impressive is her extraordinarily bold and purposeful exploitation of literary form. *The Third Life of Grange Copeland* (her first novel, not published here) is arrestingly 'old-fashioned', a multi-generational story that avails of many of the licences of nineteenth-century fiction. Her second, and arguably her best, novel, *Meridian*, explores the history and tradition of black politics in a narrative whose varied 'alienation effects' recall not so much the author of *Roots* as Brecht. In *The Color Purple*, she revives the epistolary novel, subordinating narrative to discourse in order to pose questions of identity and community in the lives of black women. Walker's stories, even more than her novels, are a virtual repertory of formal invention. *You Can't Keep a Good Woman Down* taps or subverts many modes, from the most 'literary' (the prose poem) to the least (the judicial confession), and suspends received distinctions between 'art' and 'argument', 'fiction' and 'fact', in the service of an ethical and political commitment as subtle as it is powerful. In Walker, black American feminism has shaped one of the most important writers in the English language today.

I HAVE TRIED to argue that, for objective social-structural reasons, feminism possesses a cultural dynamism qualitatively distinct from that available to the socialist labour movement as such. The cultural situation of the latter is not invariable: continuing capitalist development has brought new possibilities as well as new obstacles; and the miners' strike serves as a reminder of the transforming effects of actual struggles on those who participate in them. But the 'prefigurative' capacity of parties and unions is inevitably limited and, to this extent, the women's movement does not furnish a freely transposable model for the Left as a whole. However, there is no 'feminism as such', except in analytic abstraction: every kind of actually existing feminism has a definite relation to class and other non-gender forces, whether or not this is conscious and avowed. And in a similar though not identical way, there is no 'proletarian socialism as such'. The reality is a complex, shifting pattern of antagonisms and solidarities.

Within this pattern, the role of socialist and allied Left feminists is crucial. Inside the women's movement, they argue against radical feminist notions of an essential division and conflict between men and women — which, if pursued to a successful social conclusion, could offer no greater liberation than a permanent cold war of the sexes and parity in exploitation. At the same time they insist that without an integral commitment to women's liberation the socialist movement cannot substantiate its claim to represent a general human emancipation, and will be correspondingly hampered in its struggle to win an effective social majority for the defeat of capitalism. Thus socialist feminism is in principle more than a coalition: it embodies the possibility of a political synthesis that may be decisive for the futures of both movements. It might be said that just as the women's movement has created a structurally advanced cultural space within capitalism, so socialist feminism, for that very reason, constitutes a cultural vanguard within the socialist movement as a whole.

The emerging politics of the novel is one vivid case in point. In the work of Piercy, Le Guin, Walker, and many other contemporary women writers, there are the confident beginnings of something new and important: a sustained critical, oppositional, even (if the term has any precise meaning outside politics proper) revolutionary writing. First, it is committed to reconstructing or displacing the existing canons of representation in the novel. Second, it is tending at the same time to reopen the form, extending the potential of the novel both as story-telling and as argument, analysis and address, and so outstripping the Jamesian dogmas that have confined so many practitioners and commentators to the fetishism of Art. Third, because of its relations with feminist movements and with a growing woman-identified culture, this writing reaches beyond the tiny minorities who have usually been the audiences of oppositional work: it is in some real degree *popular*. Finally, and for the same general reason, there is an unusual sense of cohesion and momentum in these writers: whether through their own express commitments and activities, or through the practices of their publishers, they belong to and contribute to a definite cultural trend.

This development is first and most fundamentally the achievement of the women's movement. But it is surely a benefit for the Left as a whole — and, in an entirely practical sense, an inspiration. None of these writers is a paragon: *The Dispossessed* and *Woman on the Edge of Time* share the ultimate limitation of all utopian writing, lacking any plausible (Le Guin) or cogent (Piercy) sense of the path from present to future; and Walker's work is marked by a strain of mysticism. But they represent a concrete, discussible achievement, an essential reference for future thought and practice. The radical aesthetic controversies of the seventies were centred on cinema, and drew strength from actual initiatives in independent film practice. Lacking any comparable support in their own field, radical literary arguments remained largely academic. No doubt the old problem of 'revolutionary literature' will remain a taxing one. But it need no longer be canvassed mainly in the rather vicarious and at times scholastic forms of The Realism vs Modernism Debate and other set pieces. There now exists a real oppositional *movement*, and in learning from its strengths and failings we can begin, quite practically, to fashion a socialist politics of literature. □

Francis Mulhern is on the editorial committee of New Left Review.

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After work

M.H. Ryle

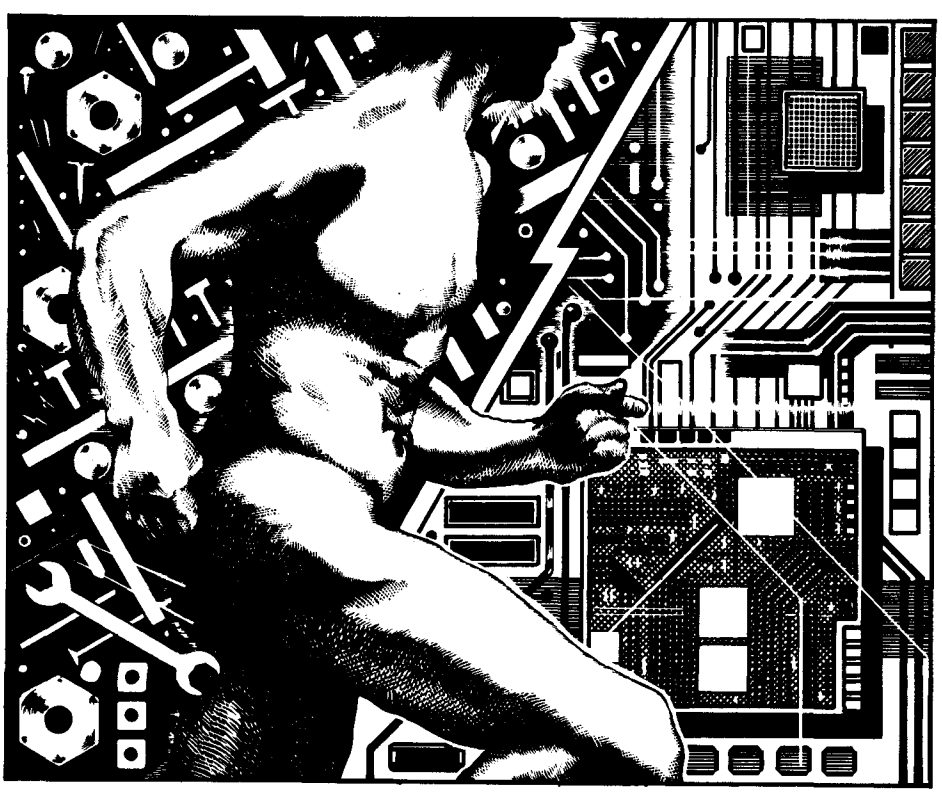
Paths to Paradise: On the Liberation from Work
ANDRÉ GORZ *Pluto* £3.50

READERS OF André Gorz's *Ecology as Politics* and *Farewell to the Working Class* will be prepared for the irritating weaknesses of this latest book. *Paths to Paradise* interestingly pursues a single, massive question: what is the future of work in advanced industrial societies? But in pursuing it, Gorz relies sometimes on others' dubious generalisations (Alvin Toffler here replaces Illich in the role of transatlantic sage); his argument, illuminating where it is complex, is often unconvincingly facile; above all, he evades the problem of political agency, writing in places as if he expected his utopian vision to realise itself by virtue of its own inherent reasonableness. Given the technocratic growth-centred strategy of the French socialist government, given the weakness and division, in France, of ecology and peace movements which have elsewhere been helping to open up discussion of new values and social priorities, who does Gorz think will take his thoughts outside the pages of books and give them political effect?

And yet — this is why *Paths to Paradise* deserves the attention of any socialist — Gorz's question is indeed a central one, and many will agree that it cannot credibly be answered by neo-Keynesian promises of a return to the boom years of the Fifties and early Sixties. 'There can no longer be full-time waged work for all,' declares Gorz. 'Any politics which denies this, whatever its ideological pretensions, is a fraud.' He backs up this challenge with a careful analysis of the contradictions which arise as microelectronic technology increasingly displaces labour. This heralds a crisis for capital: profits from selling the products of automation cannot be reinvested, since a *declining* total mass of capital (declining in absolute and not just relative terms) can now produce a growing volume of commodities. And while the reduced capital can realise high profits, automation meanwhile shrinks the volume of wages, which are the chief means of distributing purchasing power: 'Automation abolishes workers: equally, it abolishes potential buyers.'

Having sketched the unattractive responses to this crisis likely within the existing social and economic framework, Gorz goes on, in the final eight of his 25 'theses', to explore how hyper-productive technology might help to create a different society. Rather than dispensing with the complex division of labour and with the fragmentary or 'heteronomous' work involved, Gorz argues that we should use it within a politically accountable mass-production sector, making durable essential goods with a minimum of labour and freeing time for creative, autonomous work and for convivial living. At the same time, a universal 'social income' must displace both the dole and wage.

These are grand perspectives, and their working out in a condensed format leaves plenty of objections unmet — especially the libertarian objection that Gorz is advocating the social control of production not by human-scale communities but by a bureaucratic state. But decentralist eco-socialists, likely to make this point, cannot easily counter Gorz's insistence that the alternative to coordinated planning for needs will be a reversion to pre-modern technique, an increase in necessary labour and a reduction in the range of useful goods. These themes, and others, are taken up (though not fully explored) in the more relaxed 'Supplementary Texts' which end the book. Here, too, is an excellent polemical essay on food, nutrition and global inequality, tangential to the main argument, but reminding us that the same forces which displace workers from the shop floor also displace peasants from the fields, abroad and at home: 'Factory farming may well have saved Breton agriculture, but only by getting rid of farmers.' □



WILL HILL

Quality Street

Basil Ransome-Davies

MTM: 'Quality Television'
ed. JANE FEUER, PAUL KERR and TISE VAHIMAGI *BFI* £18 & £8.95
Made for Television: Euston Films Limited
ed. MANUEL ALVARADO and JOHN STEWART *BFI/Thames Methuen* £5.95

BOTH THESE BOOKS deal with a superior kind of popular television: not classic adaptations or high-prestige undertakings, but series that have won viewers through offering — to borrow a Brechtian metaphor — less 'culinary' entertainment than the mainstream of programmes. Both MTM and Euston carry the hallmark of 'quality'. Yet what does quality mean? Is it a label conferred by personal judgment or is it measurable?

Here, the approach is to tackle the problem by understanding particular shows in relation to the context from which they arise — above all, through a painstaking scrutiny of the production companies concerned. In many ways unalike, thanks to differing conditions in the USA and Britain, MTM and Euston share common strengths. In each case opportunities for innovation by creative personnel were enlarged through the opening of gaps in the market. MTM was founded to supply material for a viewership sector identified by TV advertisers' more refined methods of audience targeting: youngish, educated, affluent. Euston enjoyed the benefit of costing its parent company, Thames, 'nothing to establish in terms of capital expenditure and permanent staff'.

This didn't mean a smooth road for either outfit. It did mean advantages, which were eagerly and proficiently seized. Tired conventional formulas were broken. MTM went for 'character-centred' series such as *Lou Grant* and *Hill Street Blues*. Euston were able to produce *Minder*, at first disorienting because it mixed genre elements, but now an established favourite. Quality TV is neither a radical break with the past nor as quietly evolutionary as its acceptance may suggest. What is certain is that it deserves the systematic attention it gets from all the contributors to these works.

Knowing the production context is important. At the same time, no artwork is reducible entirely to the bare bones of an organisational and financial framework. Reductionism and a false objectivity have blemished a lot of recent writing in the media studies field. Here they are avoided. As

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Alvarado and Stewart conclude, 'the success of Euston's productions cannot be explained simply in terms of the effect of economics and institutional structures.' Steve Jenkins, discussing *Hill Street Blues* in *MTM*, writes that 'it remains, of course, the best show on the box'. Maybe it does, maybe it doesn't, but the frank admission of taste means that you can think about it. And the argument is a complex one — though on the face of it *Hill Street Blues* is humanistic, a recent letter to *New Socialist* from an American correspondent accuses the show of reinforcing hard-line attitudes to ethnic minorities.

In fact, the American dimension raises a number of questions. One of them might be 'what is a context?' The context of MTM series is surely not just immediate but historical. While at one level *Hill Street Blues* can be referred back to concrete developments within the US television industry of the 1970s, at another it echoes older obsessions. To anyone familiar with *Moby Dick* the Hill Street cops bear more than a passing resemblance to the crew of the *Pequod*, eternally chasing a vision they can never master: 'Oh, Time, Strength, Cash and Patience!' Similarly, Doctor Johnny Fever in *WKRP* and Jim in *Taxi* carry forward, via affectionate parody, the failed libertarian hopes of the Sixties. The volume on Euston Films is more at home with deeply rooted myths and concerns that, for the British, are almost a race memory.

Though *MTM* and *Made For Television* are comparably arranged — a closely researched history of each company followed by individual 'readings' of a range of output — it shouldn't be inferred that a unanimous standpoint predominates. There's plenty of room for debate, and for special interests to be aired. Indeed what I have carelessly called 'special interests' are vital, and perhaps most vital is the voice of the '51% minority group'. Jane Feuer and Serafina Bathrick in *MTM*, Gillian Skirrow and Tana Wollen in *Made For Television* speak up for an eloquent and self-assured feminism. The latter allies women's and black perspectives in her piece on *The Flame Trees of Thika*, stressing the facet of conservative populism in Euston's programmes.

In the end, I can only feel regretful and impatient that these books won't be more widely read. No one doubts the impact of television on our lives, but it's all too easily cast aside as one of those facts of modern existence which, willy-nilly, we have to put up with. The BFI has a commitment to fostering a sharper awareness of films and TV. It pursues this in a variety of ways, including the publications under review. Unfortunately it has to fight a stream of glib, low-grade reviewing in the popular press, like that documented by Steve Jenkins (*MTM*) and Jim Cook (*Made For Television*). Until the general standard is raised, if not to the level of these specialised books then to that of the best journalistic practice, 'quality' will suffer all round. □

Talking pictures

Nina Hibbin

Art Politics Cinema: The Cineaste Interviews
ed. DAN GEORGAKAS and LENNY RUBENSTEIN
Pluto £7.50

THE EMINENT film-makers interviewed in *Art Politics Cinema* range from vaguely progressive to far Left. They are all, to a greater or lesser degree, committed to cinema as a popular medium; they want their ideas to reach the widest possible audience. They don't therefore need to get bogged down in the long-standing argument, which has resurfaced sharply over the past decade, about whether or not you can be politically effective inside the commercial framework. With a lot of hard experience under their belts, they can plunge straight into the more productive area of how far they have succeeded and what, if any, compromises they have had to make, with detailed examples from specific films.

Since each has his or her own political priorities and individual concepts of what constitutes 'popular' cinema and what defines 'compromise', the interviews, reprinted in chronological order (but, annoyingly, not always given dates) from that bright and perceptive US journal *Cineaste*, develop an ongoing and very stimulating dialogue on these and many other issues.

Italians have a wealth of experience to offer. There are absorbing discussions with Bertolucci, Petri, Rosi and Rossellini and a particularly incisive one with Gillo Pontecorvo who, talking about Italy in the 1970s, makes some comments of spot-on relevance to the Left in Britain of the 1980s.

As a Marxist from a country with mass socialist and communist parties, Pontecorvo, whatever battles he had to fight, sees no inherent contradiction between popular cinema and political integrity; his films — notably *Battle of Algiers* and *Quiemada* (the book uses its US title *Burn!*) — prove the point magnificently.

Gordon Parks, black director in white-dominated, reactionary America, faces harsher problems — with less political insight but with a great deal of justifiable bitterness. He compares the poor or non-existent promotions for his serious and courageous films, *The Learning Tree* and *Leadbelly* with the razzmatazz surrounding his more sensationalist *Shaft* films. The racist attitudes, probably unconscious, of the studio heads, he says, and the tendency for white directors to muscle in on Afro-American subjects, are driving the few existing black directors out of Hollywood. His proposition — that they should stop ghettoising their talents and 'forget they're black', so that they can do any film they want to — strikes me as an over-simplification of a very complex problem.

For Ousmane Sembene, leading figure (but not 'father' as the interviewer has it) of Senegalese cinema, the priority is the development of an African film culture, at this stage educative as well as popular, to restore to Africans their largely submerged history of resistance to colonisation — not in a simple way but, as his own films superbly demonstrate, in complex human, social and political terms, critical as well as celebratory. He cites the multiplicity of African languages, which demands a cinema with less reliance on words and more on image and gesture, as one of the circumstances which dictates the form.

Varying degrees of feminism are represented by Agnes Varda (self-defensive), Lina Wertmuller (pretentious), US critic Molly Parkin (bland) and Jane Fonda (sensible). Their combined input is less than satisfactory — showing perhaps, along with the Gordon Parks interview, that, while the going may be tough in Europe and America if you're political, male and white, it's a lot tougher if you're political,

Hotel fire in Buenos Aires

Michael Bayley

Touched by a match it went up
like the liquid architecture of bees,
the honeycomb lit corridors pumping flame
to the rooftop basketball game
of raised arms madly waving a chopper.

The man on the 20th storey
must have thought he was dreaming,
jumped as if falling from a tree in sleep,
where final terror, a gentle nudge
or whispering of his name,
might have broken the fall.

El Sol had him frozen in mid-air
on the front cover, along with photos
of the burnt-out shell of the lobby:
black molasses oozing from its timbers,
the crystals of a chandelier
fallen like icicles off the sun.

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female or(/and) black, and that there's not so much experience to draw upon.

In a selection of interviews that includes film-makers from Eastern as well as Western Europe, from Latin America as well as from the States, from critics and screenwriters as well as from directors, from the Third World as well as from developed countries, it's a pity that British cinema has been overlooked. I seem to remember a *Cineaste* interview with Ken Loach that would have been particularly useful in this context.

One of the special pleasures of the book comes from the well-thought-out, penetrating but non-didactic pattern of interviewing. It makes for lively reading and blows like a fresh wind against the 'all-mainstream-cinema-is-bourgeois' school of thought which, in Britain at any rate, has been dominating the published word of the Left for far too long. □

Déjà vu

Michael Hofmann

Auden in Love
DOROTHY J. FARNAN *Faber* £9.95

I THOUGHT I would arm myself for *Auden in Love* by reading Humphrey Carpenter's *Auden* first — only to discover that this was also a great part of Dorothy J. Farnan's own preparation. It may be rewarding to read different versions of the same life hand-running, but this was more like the same version twice: Carpenter shorn of background information, garbled Carpenter, purée of Carpenter.

Dorothy J. Farnan's strategic entitlement for doing a book on the Auden-Kallman relationship is that she was what you might call Auden's stepmother-in-law. She married Chester Kallman's father, Dr Edward Kallman. Also pertinent is the fact that she was roughly contemporary with Kallman junior, met him in Ann Arbor in 1942, and stood for a time in almost daily contact with him in New York in the 1940s, though less so later. All this means that she has her own memories and those of friends to draw on, and that she has access to letters and papers in her husband's possession. For the rest, there is always the obliging Carpenter.

As readers of Carpenter will know, the Auden-Kallman relationship was essentially a marriage, albeit an open marriage, and one that was Platonic for all but its first few months. Auden was always the more committed partner, with Kallman chaotic, undependable, sought after and tormenting — especially to begin with — but they stayed together till Auden's death. It may be difficult to empathise with, but it's not hard to understand, at least in a kind of emotional-geometrical way. Which is about as far as Dorothy J. Farnan's book gets. Her appreciation of the influences that had gone to form Auden's character is sketchy and second-hand, and she can have had little understanding in the 1940s of the 'rough trade' that her future stepson preferred. She was trying to get him hitched to a girl-friend. When she talks, near the end, about a later affair as 'one of the mysteries of life and of sex', she might be talking about *all* the content of her book.

There is something curiously irrelevant in her attempting to show Kallman as the ideal man for Auden. He may have been, he may not. Clearly, though, he succeeded in inspiring in Auden the most intense loyalty and affection. The family scrapbook type of testimony that Farnan offers — a loyal, silly tribute to 'the Kallman men', 'brilliant, beautiful Chester' and how he made friends laugh in the cinema — is hardly the point. Her interpretation of his character as 'self-destructive' confuses the effect with the cause: indiscipline and love of pleasure. And she leaves out so much: the fact that he got himself disliked as well as liked (particularly by Auden's older, English friends); the fact of his Jewishness, and its attractiveness to Auden; or any discussion worth mentioning of his own writing, and his part in their collaborations. The very terms Dorothy J. Farnan sets herself rule out anything like a serious re-appraisal. The part concerning

Auden: tormented but committed

the Forties, where she recounts her own experiences, is reasonably lively, but the book as a whole is a meretricious piece of work that would have been better as a magazine feature, a tenth of its length. □

Like it is

Anne Karpf

Hard-Earned Lives
JOCELYN CORNWELL *Tavistock* £5.95

THE MOST REVEALING feature of Jocelyn Cornwell's fascinating account of health and illness in East London is that it barely mentions health and illness until more than halfway through. Most health researchers reproduce the priorities of the medical profession, and start to investigate lay beliefs only when people have become patients (or, at best, feel ill). Cornwell, however, adopts an ethnographic approach more habitual to anthropologists. She understands that people's health beliefs are embedded in the experience and beliefs of the rest of their lives, and only in this context can we make sense of them. As a result, her book reads like a working-class *Dallas*, with compelling accounts of daily lives riven by trumpeted animosities and whispered resentments, as well as taxing work and repeated compromise.

She's no respecter of received ideas. She rejects that shibboleth of the Left, that medicine is an institution of social control. Not so, says Cornwell: people's experience of medicine and their attitudes to it are far more complex. Radicals have overstated the ideological aspects of medicine and depicted lay people as passive imbibers of dominant ideologies. But she also criticises those who ascribe to individuals almost unlimited choice.

Instead, Cornwell is highly sensitive to the differences among the 24 East Enders she repeatedly interviewed, and it was her very sensitivity to the research process which led her to the book's chief, and innovative, theory, the difference between 'public' and 'private' accounts of health and illness.

As an educated middle-class woman, her status in the interviews was inevitably, she soon realised, one of expert. She also found that her

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IAIN BANKS

'Establishes beyond doubt that Mr Banks is a novelist of remarkable talents' *Daily Telegraph*

'Fine writing' *The Times*

'Inexorably powerful . . . sinister manipulations and magnetic ambiguities' *The Observer*

'More complex, difficult and diffuse than Banks first novel *The Wasp Factory* although at least as original, funny and skilful' *Books and Bookmen*

'The author's powerful imagination is displayed again here every bit as vividly as in his debut' *Financial Times*

£8.95 MACMILLAN LONDON 240pp

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interviewees gave wildly different answers to the same question at different times. They would confidently hold forth about never having been ill in their lives, only to reveal in subsequent interviews a saga of medical dramas and illnesses which wouldn't have looked out of place in *Dr Kildare*.

Cornwell, instead of discounting these discrepancies, has used them to forge a theory of the different ways in which people characterise their experiences, depending on the circumstance of their telling. Public accounts reproduce dominant public assumptions — the socially acceptable point of view. Private accounts derive from personal experience and emerge when the threat of social judgment recedes. The first is generated by formal questions, where the expert/interviewer dominates; the second grows from stories produced by the interviewee.

Cornwell applies this theory to many aspects of East End life with richly rewarding results. She demolishes the roseate myth of East End 'community' developed by Young and Willmott's celebrated 1957 study of family life in Bethnal Green, a hymn to social harmony. She shows how the East Enders themselves propagate this romanticised view in their public accounts, but reveal in their private accounts the importance of looking after themselves and their own.

She discovers that, for her sample, far from living in the nanny state claimed by anti-welfare ideologues, a punitive public morality operates. On work, for instance, the East Enders believed that 'life is what you make of it', and go to extreme lengths to dissociate themselves from anything which smacks of work-shy malingering. Their private accounts reveal less choice, and stress 'making the best of it' rather than 'making the most of oneself'.

Cornwell is good on gender differences. While the public version celebrates the joys of family life, based on a rigid sexual division of labour, the private accounts reveal the more stressful aspects of family life, albeit humorously.

And so, finally, to health. Here Cornwell gets a little over-cluttered with theory, but finds that beliefs about health and illness rotate around the notion of blame: the East Enders work hard to exonerate themselves from blame at having fallen ill, and were anxious to avoid talking about their ailments lest they be thought hypochondriacs, opting instead for a cheerful stoicism. They also bowed to medical definitions and practices. Their private accounts were less about morality and blame, and more to do with the everyday imperatives of people's lives.

It would have been useful if Cornwell had lingered a little in explaining *how* she allocated accounts into the private/public categories, since they risk being self-fulfilling (anything which legitimates dominant ideologies could be classified as 'public'), though she stresses that neither is true or false, each providing partial accounts of beliefs and experiences. It's a pity, too, that this important book isn't better bound, for it may well become a classic: in its respect for, and careful analysis of, the voices and lives of working-class people, it should be required reading for everyone concerned with health and illness — and that includes politicians. □

FICTION

In a foreign city

Richard Deveson

BRIAN GLANVILLE'S **Kissing America** (Blond, £8.95) has the charm of a Fifties film: the city of Florence a few years after the war; images of stone and chestnut trees and Arno in the rain; heavy Italian interiors; the American Forces Network playing 'Stormy Weather' and the close harmony of 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo'; Frank and Tom — two Americans in Italy on the GI Bill — cosily immersed in their *New Yorkers* and *New York Times Book Reviews*, waiting for the rain to stop so that they can take in a Masaccio or a Fra Angelico, or can simply wander idly through the street markets.

Enter Anna, the beautiful Italian girl, and, with her, passion, crisis, disaster... With enviable economy Glanville conjures up people who, again, have the instant presence of characters in film. And he insinuates an atmosphere of hidden restlessness, flawed happiness and the temporariness of youth which has the extra charm of being, so to speak, screened again after 30 years.

For Frank, Anna means not just Italy, beauty and inaccessibility made accessible, but also his seduction away from the weightless America of 'I Like Ike'. For Anna, kissing America (viz. Frank) is also an escape from the all-too heavy weight of bourgeois Italian family life and male double standards. This misalliance of projected feelings, however, gives rise to the final disaster — though actually the book rather fizzles out at the end and could do with a return leg (*Anna in America?*) in which the final score between projection and reality could be settled.

In **Love is not Love** (Blond, £8.95), which brings together a decade's worth or so of Glanville's short stories, the brow-level sometimes droops from, say, upper-upper-middle to upper-lower-middle. Several football pieces, told in the first person, are perhaps better designed for being heard on the radio than read on the page. But a number of the stories again show how good Glanville is at creating people and places out of a few words: the 'martyred radiance' of the widow of a murdered lawyer; a post-war TB sanatorium, the former tank officer and his bawdy sing-songs, the unbending Matron who proves to have so much more substance; the war-time prep-school master who did, as he claims, get into *Wisden* ('W.H. Edrich's XI, 198 for 6 declared; C. Bright did not bat') and who, though fated not to keep his bat straight, still presents, in a boy's eyes, the 'power and pathos of... innocence'.

In **The Anderson Question**, Bel Mooney's second novel (Hamish Hamilton, £8.95), the doctor in a Somerset village inexplicably disappears, leaving behind a cool, hyper-correct wife and a gauche homosexual son who have to acknowledge that he has killed himself, that they don't know why, that they can barely talk to one another and that the fact of death makes them angry, ashamed and almost entirely incapable of carrying on themselves. Set in play against the closure of death are the rituals and recurrences of village life; against the isolation of the individual, altruism and community; against the empty present, the affirmative reconstruction of the past. Even to the end, widow and son are kept in suspension between these sets of forces. Although this is a compassionate and decent novel, it doesn't become wholly compelling. Compassion and decency aren't quite enough to make up for a tone that is conventional contemporary-novel colourless (and no one along the author-editor-printer line seems to be able to spell 'genealogist'). On the other hand, the attenuated idiocy of modern rural life is well caught: 'The King's Head, the newsagent, the small supermarket, the old-fashioned draper's called "Susan", with women's tights pinned like a sunburst in the window...'

Frank Parkin's **Krippendorf's Tribe** (Collins, £7.95) is the Malvid Bradlodge East Mercia campus novel transplanted to London by Posy Simmonds. Krippendorf is a George Weber who has lost his anthropology job and is househusband not to a long-suffering Wendy but to a TV journalist, who flies in occasionally from Haiti or Calcutta to give him (as she thinks) gonorrhoea: 'I really am *very* sorry... I mean it. It's awful for you.' The bien-pensant *Guardian*-reading classes are surrounded by a London in the terminal sleaze of reversion to barbarism; Krippendorf's children are savages already. When they're not playing political prisoners or setting fire to the cat, they're hacking up the deep-frozen housekeeper Mrs Guntrip and converting her into kofta à la grecque. Krippendorf converts them into copy for his articles for *Exotica*, a soft-porn anthropology mag: 'Cognitive Dissonance and Symbolic Mediations: A Neo-Structuralist Account of Circumcision Rituals among the Shelmikedmu' comes out as 'Fantasies and Foreskins'. But in due course Krippendorf himself goes native in the London of the Shelmikedmu.

It's gross knockabout, but a lot of deserving targets are knocked about. The sort of anthropology that is already self-parody Parkin simply quotes — well, invents, but brilliantly verbatim.

Alasdair Gray gives **The Fall of Kelvin Walker** (Canongate, £7.95) the subtitle 'A Fable of the Sixties'. Kelvin (cf. Calvin) Walker is an anal-obsessive Puritan with cravings to be a Nietzschean superman. From the wilds of Scotland he comes to Swinging London, lives dangerously and ascends instantly to the top, only to be brought low by his Calvinist father and the Divine Plan that speaks through him.

'Nietzsche approves of laughter and so do I,' Kelvin says, 'but unluckily humour is not my strong point.' This is true. Gray's humour is cranky as well. I take the book to be a fable mainly about Scotland and the 'Sixties' that it never, in Gray's view, had. As a fable about England, however, it's laboured and rather goes adrift. □

Conversations with Kafka, *reviewed in last week's Paperbacks column, is not in fact published until 22 April. The full name of the publisher is Quartet Encounter.*

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Aspects of the novel

John Coleman

Tormented, gregarious, sullen, excitable: Victor Banerjee as Aziz

A Passage to India (PG)
ABCs, Shaftesbury Avenue and Fulham Road
The River (PG)
Plaza
Morons from Outer Space (PG)
Warner; Classics, Haymarket and Oxford Street
Every Picture Tells a Story (PG)
Minema

I FREELY CONFESS that Sir David Lean has made a much better film out of E.M. Forster's 1924 *A Passage to India*, to me his finest novel and therefore a cherished private experience (since the commerce between writer and reader is always intimate and personal, something to be worked at), than I expected on first hearing he had been offered the job. After *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago*, and never forgetting the fiasco that was *Ryan's Daughter*, one prickled with premonitions of a full-blown spectacular, a travelogue India in which Forster's poetic tragi-comedy of muddle and misunderstandings might well sink, leaving little trace of the master's subtlety about East and West, men and women, aspirations and actualities.

One had conveniently forgotten that it was Lean, back in 1946, who directed and co-wrote the still potent 'little' *Brief Encounter*. And so, although he has taken a few substantial liberties in *his* **A Passage to India**, scripted by him from the Forster novel and the Forster-approved play drawn from it by Santha Rami Rau, he has nonetheless managed to produce a largely faithful, intelligent and sympathetic simulacrum of the original: a good film, in fact. Those unacquainted with the book will be free to find it a marvellous film.

Surely the film is marvellously played where it counts, with superb performances from Victor Banerjee as mercurial young Dr Aziz and Peggy Ashcroft as nice old Mrs Moore, whose sprightly tartness is to turn to bitterness, cynicism, desolation. She has chaperoned plain Adela Quested (Judy Davis, who is not plain) to Chandrapore, where her son Ronny (Nigel Havers) — to whom Adela is unofficially engaged — is city magistrate. Appalled by the patronising hermeticism of the British colony, centring on the Club, the newcomers try to make contact with 'the real India'. 'Try seeing Indians', is the advice of Fielding (James Fox), the decent local school superintendent; introductions to his friends Aziz and the enigmatic Professor Godbole (Alec Guinness) ensue; eager Aziz invites them on an ill-fated expedition to the unwarrantably famous Marabar Caves, dull, unornamented chambers in the hillside. From this costly expedition by dawn train, then elephant with a flock of servants, Mrs Moore is to emerge with every illusion shattered, Miss Quested to flee, claiming Aziz assaulted her in a cave, Aziz to be arrested and sent for trial. A courtroom scene, with an unexpected outcome, fails to repair the damage done to almost everyone. But Mrs Moore, who dies at sea during the trial, somehow becomes a more than local hero. A tougher Aziz will always cherish her memory.

What did happen in those dreary caves? Forster is supposed to have said he himself was uncertain, yet his book makes it perfectly clear that Aziz is innocent, having withdrawn — furiously affronted as an educated Muslim — when Adela asks him if he has more than one wife: that this *is* a prime insult is rather fudged in the film as he just moves off to smoke a lonely cigarette, leaving a dreamy, sexily smouldering Miss Quested draped by the entrance of another cave she is to enter, finally, fatally. Judy Davis's expression is arguably ambiguous, but one's reading of it has been encouraged by a preceding Lean interpolation, a prolonged sequence where she bicycles to a ruined temple carved with erotic figures, which are to flash back on screen during a restless, stormy night. (A tribe of monkeys chases her off during that episode; and monkey-men are to figure later, cavorting from hostile crowds.) Lean's Adela, in other words, is made explicitly sexual — see her quizzical look as Ronny simply knocks a polite 'Goodnight' on her bedroom door — and wrenches subsequent events vulgarly towards mass audience expectations. Other infelicities come in Maurice Jarre's appallingly wrong score: at the film's opening, promising a musical — *The Marabar Follies?* — and, later, going lushly romantic; and, alas, in the casting of chameleon Guinness in the truncated role of Godbole, here dispensing banalities but, in Forster, a key-brahmin, emblematic of the muddle-mystery of India.

Lean is most successful in his handling of the Brits: the Turtons (Richard Wilson and Antonia Pemberton); the Callendars (Clive Swift, Anne Firbank), egregiously condescending during the famous 'Bridge Party', a garden affair where West notably avoids meeting East, drummed up for the benefit of Adela and Mrs Moore; Michael Culver's splendid McBryde, outfaced in court; details of cucumber sandwiches and Union Jacks fluttering and 'Tea for Two' rendered by an Indian band; uniforms and protocol. But what lifts the whole venture off the ground is unquestionably Banerjee's tormented, gregarious, sullen and excitable Aziz and never more so than in the moving and dignified tiny scene where he affirms his friendship with Fielding by allowing him to look at a framed photograph of his dead wife: *this* Forster would have approved. And Dame Peggy, of course, inhabits her difficult, near-deified Esmiss Esmoor down to the last wince.

Mark Rydell's **The River** is another of the rural dramas currently in vogue in Reagan's America. Rain belts down in a stunningly edited storm on the farmlands of the Garveys in Tennessee, swelling the river as Tom (Mel Gibson), wife Mae (Sissy Spacek) and their kids (Shane Bailey and Becky Jo Lynch) sandbag its banks and lead their livestock to safety. But the bank is reluctant to lend any more and sinister-smiling Joe Wade (excellent Scott Glenn), Mae's confessed admirer and scheming

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businessman, does his damnedest to push through a scheme to flood the valley and introduce hydro-electric power. To make ends meet, Tom goes off as scab worker in the city steel mills while Mae courageously runs the farm, helped by son Lewis. Flaring furnaces and swaying cornfields are graphically photographed by Vilmos Zsigmond, there are small hints of a latterday *Grapes of Wrath*, plenty of stoic, suffering and plumb angry faces throng the screen. The lust that helps to keep Tom and Mae together comes over strongly, as does a wilful indomitability. The finale has Wade foiled as a burst of inspirational comradeship unites farmers and his hired spoilers alike against him. It is a decent film, but 124 minutes of clichéd decency is about 30 too many.

Mike Hodges's **Morons from Outer Space** disgracefully wastes the comic talents of Mel Smith, Griff Rhys Jones, Dinsdale Landen and blonde Joanne Pearce in a feeble fable written by the first two. Stupid aliens from the planet Blob (oh, yes) crashland on the M1, leaving Smith as Bernard, the brightest, hanging about in space until given a lift by a skeletal sky monster who dumps him on learning he's male. Funniest presence is a mad Yank Colonel (James B. Sikking), disturbed that no one has seen *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Other broad cinematic references take in *Close Encounters* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*; they didn't take me in. But then I went expecting to laugh. James Scott's **Every Picture Tells a Story** is a charmingly low-key, impressionistic account of the early life of his father, the artist William Scott, with Phyllis Logan and Alex Norton sterling as Willie's parents, intercuts of his paintings, and the lad last seen sketching at the Royal Academy; to be caught. Likewise, a festival of Chaplin films at the Gate, Bloomsbury, from Friday 22 March to Sunday 31 March: timely revivals to accompany David Robinson's magisterial *Chaplin: His Life and Art* (Collins, £15). □

ROCK MUSIC

Apocalypse now

Barney Hoskyns

THE WITCHING HOUR is at hand again. That strain of British rock which will be forever clad in black — Stephen King rock — has burst out in a new rash of records led, this time, by the surly Killing Joke's **Night Time** (EG/Polydor).

Ever since *The Crazy World of Arthur Brown*, Gothic doom-rock has been a part of our beloved showbiz heritage. We all know what fun it is to dress up and spook people, so what could be more practical than making a few bob out of it? The only catch is that you have to start believing you are what you say you are: in other words, a crazed genius who thinks the world is about to be destroyed by demons. It's heavy metal without the tongue in the cheek: the glamour of menace. The entertainment is only convincing if the entertainer himself is convinced.

Jaz of the Joke is a particularly intense case of megalomaniac self-deceit. He stares very hard at cameras, clawing at his face in a manner that clearly spells T-O-R-M-E-N-T. In interviews, he informs us that he is the incarnation of some pagan Icelandic deity. The fantasy has completely taken him over, which of course is the perfect qualification for stardom.

It is hard to deny the vulgar power of Killing Joke's shiny black sound, with its cleanly brutal disco throb and wide swathes of guitar. If Jaz's voice is like Fagin on acid, this is still a magnificent monotony and it gave them a sure hit with 'Love Like Blood'. But the apocalyptic bent of their lyrics is something else again. 'Virile young men run down the street in havoc singing / "I wish to build, I penetrate, I penetrate,"' sings Jaz on 'Tabazan'. Sounds like some Nazi porn mag and makes D.H. Lawrence look like a wimmin's libber.

Essentially, the world of Killing Joke is very dark, almost mediaeval, and that perhaps is where their fixations lie. They are still pursuing the millennium.

A friend of mine opined that Killing Joke are Joy Division for soccer hooligans. Where Joy Division's doom felt real and tragic, Killing Joke's appeals only to the instinct for power. Less hammy as practitioners of the 'black' arts are Leeds band Sisters of Mercy, whose **First And Last And Always** is just out on WEA. Here Joy Division meet *Heroes*-period Bowie in Detroit '69, and things are pretty black from the word go.

Singer Andrew Eldritch is less absurd than Jaz because his self-conscious image is a classic pose of wasted cool — Ray-Ban shades over sunken cheeks and, well, a lot of black leather. Visually they duplicate the greasy, grungy Detroit groups they claim as influences — Iggy Pop's Stooges in particular. Aurally, however, they conjure not Motor City diesel oil but the glacial Gothic gloom of Northern England. It's a peculiarly hollow, fleshless sound, Joy Division's cavernous intensity stripped to one booming drum machine and some icy acoustic guitars. At its worst it might be Bauhaus; at best, on the haunting 'Marian', it's pleasantly creepy.

There's lots more depressive black-clad doom-rock around, of course. Red Lorry Yellow Lorry's **Talk About The Weather**, Play Dead's 'Sacrosanct', Dormannu's **Return Of Quebec** and The Skeletal Family's 'Promised Land' are just some of the postpunk delights currently available to you.

Besides the ever-sturdy doom lineage, UK pop trends are at present a bit thin on the ground. We're running out of Next Big Things. If there is a group of the moment, it is James, a Smiths-style Mancunian quartet whose 'Hymn From A Village' is a raw, *faux-naif* declamation on pop's crisis. A fresh blast, but their cleverer-than-thou air grates and I'm not certain there is a distinctive style at work here.

Two American releases indicate alternative directions. Husker Du's **New Day Rising** (STT) follows from their *Zen Arcade* double as another collection of sketches and half-formed outtakes, but this Minneapolis trio continues to break ground in melodic hardcore punk and at its best suggests a strange collision between Motorhead and REM. If only one could pick out more of the buried, bellowed lyrics: I should love to know what 'Terms Of Psychic Warfare' and 'The Girl Who Lives On Heaven Hill' are about.

If Husker Du speak for the suburban industrial heartland of America, Jason & The Scorchers, with **Lost And Found** (EMI America), are probably the best of the country rock revivalists to have come into prominence since Springsteen's *Born In The USA* made fashionable a certain inverted kind of patriotism. They rock harder than rivals like Rank & File or the fine Long Ryders (touring Britain from this weekend) but *Lost And Found*'s second side contains beautiful acoustic songs which summon the shade of the great Gram Parsons.

A quick mention, finally, to Viv Broughton's marvellous **Black Gospel** (Blandford Press, £5.95), which charts the growth of black Christian music from the field shouts of African slaves to the huge choirs of North London in the 1980s. As he makes clear, the prejudice against religion has meant that gospel is still principally seen as a training-ground for soul stars. He has written this book for all the great singers who opted against the secular sell-out. □

THEATRE

Scoop

Benedict Nightingale

Deadlines
STEPHEN WAKELAM *Theatre Upstairs*

IT WOULD, I suppose, be an exaggeration to say that, to us British, the journalist is Lunchtime O'Booze, or maybe one of the snickering opportunists in *The Ploughman's Lunch*, while in the US he's Robert Redford or Jason Robards or Christopher Reeve, alias Superman at his more mild-mannered. But, even now, when the polls show Americans getting more cynical about it, there's a marked difference in the public esteem accorded the Fourth Estate in our two countries; and this has been reflected in the relatively few plays on the subject we've seen here. In Amlin Gray's *How I Got That Story* and the National Theatre's adaptation of Michael Herr's *Despatches*, the reporter seems conscientious but confused, interested in disinterring the truth if somewhat befogged by the elusiveness of that commodity in collapsing Vietnam, where both plays were set.

Compare that with Tom Stoppard's *Night and Day* or Arnold Wesker's *Journalists*. In the first of these the prime target was trades-union malignity, which allegedly endangered the freedom of the press; but there were subsidiary ones too, some more worthy of a peppering. We heard much of junk journalism, the sort that 'paraphrases real tragedy into an inflationary spiral of hackneyed melodramas', and we saw much of international junk journalists, the kind who chase transitory scoops in order to 'impress each other and be top dog the next time you're propping up a bar in Beirut or Bangkok or

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Chancery Lane'.

Stoppard wrote of an obvious triviality of motive and product, Wesker of something more subtle, 'the poisonous human need to cut better men down to our size'. His *Journalists* has yet to be seen in London, because it didn't please the *Sunday Times*, where he did his research; and its continued absence seems to me a pity, because it has a documentary plausibility not often found in its author's work these days, and there's undeniable interest and tension in its tale of a crusading columnist doing her damnedest to destroy a utopian socialist.

Maybe David Hare and Howard Brenton, whose Fleet-Street sage *Pravda* arrives at the National in a few weeks, will deliver some of the inky insights Wesker was obliged to suppress. Meanwhile, we've *Deadlines* — a sort of anthropological field-report on print, radio and TV journalists pieced together by Stephen Wakelam and his fellow-researchers from the Joint Stock Company — and it's not without its authentic or its provocative moments. True, the play could sometimes be subtler and more original when it comes to parading its distaste for the go-getting and what one might, I suppose, call the gone-got: the gossip columnist who hopes to use his experience of last year's Brighton bombing as a short-cut to some equally paltry but rather glitzier job on TV; the eminent interviewer who comes smiling from an anodyne confrontation in the studio to snatch a little casual sex ('that sounds *lovely*') with his producer before jetting off to Washington. But the occasional crudeness of the passing scenery doesn't greatly mar the dramatic trip as a whole.

In some strike-bound coal-town in Yorkshire a teenager hangs himself, leaving a note saying 'the way this country is going, no one will be able to get any job'. To Kate, a radio reporter in Sheffield, it's a good story, and maybe more. She too is interested in advancing her career, but through talent and accomplishment, through sleuthing out news that 'stands up' nationally. When the local Coroner uses the suicide to make some sharpish remarks about unemployment and despair, it looks as if she's achieved her wish; but then, as it makes its way on to the front pages and TV screens, the story begins to look less clearcut. The dead boy was something of a tearaway, in trouble with the law even before the law made itself hated in the mining communities. To the local colliery manager his hanging was no act of exemplary protest but a 'prank' that went sadly awry. His best friend firebombs the pit's offices in reprisal for that insult, but has a not altogether dissimilar theory himself: the boy 'did it for a laugh', to achieve immortality in the public prints.

This last seems the most likely explanation on offer and it sounds a pretty cynical one, not at all the sort one expects of a socialist theatre group. But all it means is that Joint Stock's socialism is unusually thoughtful, its cynicism peculiarly discriminating. What Mr Wakelam and his company are really suggesting is that the young suicide's alienation was deeper, his despair darker, his status as a victim more abject, than even relatively responsible reporting would be likely to reveal. In its first, local version his story is a pat one of a good boy exposing the cruelty of unemployment. In its later, national stages, it comes 'balanced' and bland, with his family defending his memory and coal-board apparatchiks attacking it. Either way, the truth never emerges in all its awful intricacy.

By the end, the suggestion is that even those journalists who aren't straightforwardly self-seeking tend to be parasitical, or at least in the business of exploiting human agony by simplifying it, diluting it until it's palatable to readers, viewers, employers, whoever. It's a pretty sweeping indictment, but the care and qualification with which it's been assembled give authority to its quiet accusations. Up and down the country we go from the Labour Party conference at Blackpool to the abortive Tory junketings in Brighton, from a newsroom in Yorkshire to a TV control-panel in London, from towns and mining villages to a field where a fugitive striker skulks in a tent, surviving on cans, passing rabbits, his wits; and the sense of reality achieved is often astonishing, considering that the six members of the cast are asked to become five times as many characters, transforming themselves into hacks, cops, hooligans, even Robert Maxwell, launching *Mirror* bingo from behind his ludicrous eyebrows. Kathryn Pogson, Paul Mooney, Paul Jesson, Tricia Kelly, Shirin Taylor, Ralph Brown: individually, collectively, they succeeded in leaving me uneasier about Grub Street than Wesker and Stoppard combined. □

billboard

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

Compacted

Andrew Clements

Schoenberg: Moses and Aron
SOLTI *Decca*
Stravinsky: The Rake's Progress
CHAILLY *Decca*

NEITHER SCHOENBERG nor Stravinsky was drawn naturally into the opera house and each reserved his operatic masterpiece for old age. Stravinsky used *The Rake's Progress* to bid a fond farewell to neoclassicism; shortly after completing it in 1951 he began to explore the techniques of serialism, even if it was a serialism moulded to his own stylistic needs. For Schoenberg, **Moses and Aron** was both a technical and spiritual catharsis. He needed to write a evening-long work using the 12-note technique to convince sceptics (including, one suspects, himself) that long stretches of music really could be sustained by a method which denied the conventional props of tonal relationships and thematic identity, while his identification with the character of Moses, bringing the Word to a doubting people and leading them into the Promised Land, was almost total. It was characteristic too that Schoenberg should fail to complete the opera — when he died, only two of the planned three acts had been written, so that the work as now performed ends with Moses in despair and Aron triumphant.

If *The Rake* has won a firm place in the operatic repertory, *Moses* has remained beyond the pale, with productions very few and far between. Yet on record it has fared better. There have been three recordings of *Moses and Aron*, all of them with some virtues, and the most recent, released on Supraphon, made in 1976. *The Rake* has received just two, both of them conducted by Stravinsky and the newer of them now 20 years old. If neither of these new Decca sets is ideal, they do at least both fill important gaps in the current catalogue by virtue of their up-to-date sound; also they have the distinction of becoming two of the very few operas of the last 50 years to have been released so far on compact disc.

Georg Solti conducted the famous staging of *Moses and Aron* at Covent Garden in 1965, and it's quite clear that he has a special affection for the work: I cannot imagine that his record company would have suggested this recording out of the blue and there is certainly a feeling of missionary zeal about the whole undertaking. I think that is the problem. His desire to present the opera to the widest possible audience, to try and convince everyone that there is nothing difficult in Schoenberg if one approaches him through the late 19th century, gives the performance a fatal lack of penetration: if *Moses* is a dramatic masterpiece, then it is one on its own terms and not as the opera Brahms did not write. There are many passages in it which demand the keen rhythmic vigour and clean textures which are usually the hallmarks of Solti's conducting, but here their effect is played down. Everything is generalised, with imprecisions in both the choral singing and the orchestral playing blurring vital edges, and bathed in an acoustic that makes detail impossible to perceive, even with the help of a score. Even the compact-disc version does not produce a sufficiently uncluttered sound.

Certainly it is a hard work to present on record. Boulez's 1975 version was nothing like as limpid as the concert performance in the Festival Hall which preceded the studio sessions; I have not heard Michael Gielen's account (on Philips) but those who have speak highly of it. Where I think Solti wins is in his choice of solo singers. Franz Mazura may not observe the letter of the *Sprechgesang* in which almost all of the part of Moses is notated, but he presents it so carefully and expressively, without overplaying its gravitas, that one can forgive him a great deal. Philip Langridge is a lighter tenor than usual for Aron, but he is full of colour and inflection, and tonally seductive; the smaller roles too are strongly cast. In the end, though, the lack of sheer physicality tells against the set; those who hear only this version will never know that it can be a genuinely exciting experience.

Early reviews of both these sets generally treated *Moses* more kindly than the new **Rake's Progress** conducted by Riccardo Chailly, which was compared unfavourably with the later of Stravinsky's versions. But I enjoyed it much more than the Schoenberg, not just because it is intrinsically a more lovable work (one can admire *Moses* quite easily; it's a lot harder to love it) but because it revealed new facets of the opera, while Solti did not tell me anything about *Moses* I didn't already know. Chailly's orchestra is the London Sinfonietta which plays quite brilliantly for him and contributes enormously to the exhilaration of the performance. Once again the recording is resonant rather than crisply analytical and this does take a measure of rhythmic bite out of the playing. Chailly concentrates more on beauty of sound than Stravinskian snap, and in that is the revelation — of how much radiantly sensuous music the score contains, how profoundly expressive many of the orchestral accompaniments can be made to sound.

Yet the performance has more than its fair share of irritants. There are a number of sound effects — the bread machine clanking into action, Nick Shadow shuffling the cards — which I thought went out of fashion with the Decca *Ring* in the early 1960s; here they generally sound only intrusive. The standard of the principals is alas highly variable: only Samuel Ramey's masterly Shadow and Sarah Walker's perfectly judged Baba are really up to scratch. Philip Langridge is Tom Rakewell, less vocally assured than in the Schoenberg set and only finding his best form for the final Bedlam scene, which becomes with Chailly's careful handling exquisitely moving. Cathryn Pope is a major disappointment; she may one day become a very fine Anne, but at present the characterisation is simply too small-scale (it is, after all, a role with a certain toughness about it) and vocally plain. It remains though a recording well worth hearing, even if those who already own one of the earlier versions need not feel they should hurry out for a replacement. □

Fast and furious

Stan Accrington

IT'S SUNDAY NIGHT at the Silver Blades Ice Rink, Streatham. A scarlet-clad figure speeds up the ice, juggling at the end of his stick a rubber puck that seems attached by magic, such is the skill. He halts, turns on a sixpence and passes to a team-mate whose momentum is checked by an opponent unceremoniously smashing him into the plexi-glass inches from your nose. But now the puck is with Streatham's darling, Gary Stefan, who rounds two defenders, brings the massively padded goal-minder out and slips the puck under him into the empty net. A roar goes up from 2,000 throats followed by the rhythmic drumming of fists on plexi-glass. Streatham Redskins, London's premier ice hockey team, has scored again.

Ice hockey, the fastest team game in the world, is currently celebrating its British centenary with a resurgence of interest, from both public and media, which may see its popularity back at that of the heady pre- and post-War days, when thousands crammed into the new Empire Pool, Wembley, to cheer the Wembley Lions and, like my mother-in-law, scream on the immortal 'Looouie' Bates. Those were the years when teams mostly played without safety helmets, were largely manned by Canadian and American imports (Britain took the Olympic gold in 1936 with a team of naturalised Canadians), when, in three years, four rinks opened in London alone, all supporting teams, and Britain was seen as a prestigious stop by touring teams from abroad.

Then came the decline. Public taste changed as delights such as television gripped, attendances declined, teams and rinks shut and, by the mid-Sixties, the sport was all but dead, sustained by a few die-hard teams playing at midnight in front of family and friends. Nor could TV offer resuscitation. The very speed of the game and the inadequate lighting at rinks militated against coverage.

But wheels turn and, in 1966, a Northern League was founded, followed by a Southern one in 1970. Today there are 40 teams in four divisions regularly playing (as well as their reserve and youth teams) and new ones are joining all the time (Lee Valley the latest recruit).

The BBC has taken six matches live, now that technology has grown to meet the sport's speed; Heineken sponsors the League, with other companies sponsoring teams, competitions or one-off games; and, last year, ice hockey returned to Wembley for its finals. (True, the plexi-glass fell down every time a player breathed on it and the Zamboni ice resurfacer broke down, but 7,000 fans excused the ghosts of yesteryear their fun.)

So how is the sport now organised to survive? At club level, admirably. Each team is allowed three imported players (most come from the

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Camera Press

Above: revealed, the secrets of a hockey player's physique; below: Lions at Wembley in the '50s

lower reaches of the Canadian or American leagues or from Scandinavia) who are the only paid players. Otherwise, it's genuine British blood, a deliberate policy to ensure that home-grown players brought up through the ranks get to play at top level.

But they certainly pay for their moments of glory on the ice. Club fees are around £100, equipment intially £500, then around £100 a season, and you pay all the travel. Even the best sponsored clubs like Solihull Barons and Streatham Redskins can't meet all players' expenses (so parlous are the economics of most clubs that Redskins were only saved from extinction by a GLC grant). Nor are the hours social. An away at Fife means leaving Streatham at dawn on Sunday and returning dawn Monday — just in time for work — while practice is usually around midnight, since few rinks, despite the income from match admittance, will allow valuable public ice-time to even the top teams.

If you think that shows dedication, meet the supporters' clubs which raise money by every legal means to keep their teams going, attend every home and away of the team (usually travelling on the same coach) and turn up to watch the reserves every week. A sign of their fanaticism is the fact that Scottish clubs like Dundee and Fife can guarantee two coaches of away support at Streatham.

Sadly, the bureaucracy is amateur in the worst sense of the word. The British Ice Hockey Association is a self-elected body. In the independent *Ice Hockey News Review* it is continually lambasted for inefficiency, slowness, appalling mistakes, strange disciplinary decisions and, most recently, its gagging of players and officials making 'controversial' statements. It's even been suggested that unless radical changes happen in the administration soon, the sport will fail to maintain its growth and sink back into the Dark Ages.

Mind you, clubs themselves aren't spotless. As I write, the papers are full of Gary Newbon's resignation as Solihull Barons' chairman after his team left the ice during a game and the Dundee Rockets v. Streatham Redskins game was abandoned after both teams left the ice in protest at the standard of refereeing.

But why is the sport re-gaining popularity, its crowds limited only by rink capacity (few have space for more than 2-3,000) and teams like Nottingham Panthers, Fife Flyers and Murrayfield Races regularly selling games out? Well, it's fast, furious and physical (both in play and in affrays caused by hot tempers — without exception every game sees players in the sin-bin for two minutes for 'rucking', otherwise known as fighting) and, like a good football game, it's a great chance to let off steam. But perhaps its attraction is that, unlike football, opposing supporters mingle peacefully while their teams slug it out on the ice and ages range from grannies to nippers, with women, if anything, more vocal in their chants than the men.

If you're a Londoner, there's a chance for you to find out the attraction on Saturday 23 March, when Streatham Redskins take on the mighty Dundee Rockets (face-off 5.30). I'll be there supporting Stefan, 'Moose' Cloonan (who looks like he eats raw meat and plays even rougher), little Andy Leggatt, always ready for a fight, and Gary Brine, the country's leading goal-minder. Take my word for it — it beats *The Price Is Right* hollow. And if you can't make that, Wembley, May, and the finals will be even better. □

Camera Press

Stan Accrington is co-author of the City Limits Guide to Sporting London, *to be published by Wildwood House next month. He is also a member of Streatham Ice Hockey Club.*

Naseem Khan

Presumption

'MANY people have said to me, "Change the name. This is not a name that sells!"' Richard Gonski gestured scornfully. 'They say, "Call it Pro Musica" or some other fancy Latin name. Why the hell should we?'

The West Hampstead Symphony Orchestra is undoubtedly a disconcerting name. People do notice it, but respond as if it were an invention by *Private Eye* — which all goes to show how our expectations are shaped by convention. Symphony orchestras are supposed to be grand things — or that's the idea — that go on in central concert halls. Not West Hampstead, undistinguished hinterland of Kilburn: bedsitter land; sober rows of artisans' villas; anonymous mansion-block flatland. You can imagine a booming conductor in the sky taking Gonski and his orchestra to task for their presumption: 'Getting a bit too big for your boots, eh, West Hampstead?'

Gonski, 29-year-old local resident, is unrepentant. And anyone in their right minds must surely feel the same way. It is certainly not *usual* for what is just a fraction of a borough to have its own orchestra, but why not? Maybe the WHSO should be regarded as the ideal.

The story of the WHSO — which is giving its tenth concert this Saturday — is one of those happy ones of coinciding self-interests. Although Gonski does now talk warmly about his locality and his desire to rid classical music of its élitist aura, that was not, I suspect, his first and overriding motivation. It sprang rather from frustration. Gonski graduated in Israel as a conductor. He worked with a number of amateur orchestras there, took some courses in Europe and then, three years ago, made his way to England. Then what? Would-be conductors have a tougher time than would-be writers, painters or actors; it's hard to find an orchestra with which to practise and learn your craft. But, without that, you'll never get a job conducting an orchestra. Gonski's solution to start his own is a respectable option adopted by several subsequently well-known conductors.

Few however have based themselves so firmly in a locality. For though Gonski's original commitment to West Hampstead may not have been that strong — hardly surprising in a recent arrival — he is positive now that he sees himself and his 40-strong orchestra as a fixture. The commitment, judging by their last concert, is a reciprocal one. A crowd of 150 packed out Berridge House (part of nearby Westfield College) on a cold Saturday night in January. It wasn't primarily a student audience: it contained people of a variety of ages, many of whom — going by overheard conversations — were regulars. It is a bit strange at first, sitting in far from formal concert conditions, listening to

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Mozart and Schumann. Gonski's players cram the little stage till you fear a vigorous movement from one of them might lead to others tumbling down into the body of the hall. But they are clearly used to the balancing act and acquit themselves admirably. And their second piece, a contemporary *Firewheel* by Lawrence Ball, gets particularly warm applause.

The January concert followed Gonski's formula faithfully. He always begins and ends with a reasonably familiar work (on this occasion Mozart's Piano Concerto in C Minor and Schumann's Symphony No 2 in C major). In between ('so that people can't leave') comes a 20th-century work. Balance and the balance sheet prevail.

Nobody gets rich out of the WHSO. Nobody subsidises it and Gonski and his musicians (freelance musicians, music students and some talented amateurs) give their time for nothing. There are neither fees nor expenses for performance or the four rehearsals and the understanding is that if any player gets a paid job he or she will drop out of the WHSO concert. Despite that built-in instability, the membership of the orchestra has, on the whole, been remarkably consistent. Partly that's luck. Partly, though, it's because it offers some distinct advantages. No soloists are brought in from outside, for instance (with the exception of singer and keyboard), for a particular work. Members of the orchestra get a chance. 'Ninety-nine per cent of all orchestral musicians,' said Gonski, 'take up music as a profession because they love it. But, in reality, once they are in an orchestra they find it an incredible work load. There's no time to prepare. And in the London area, because rehearsals could cost £2,000 a time, there are only one or two rehearsals. Most of the work is very hard, with a limited amount of satisfaction. The emphasis is on sight-reading.' The WHSO, for all its poverty, hopes to relieve that. Gonski is passionate about the potential of the orchestra. Reviews in the local *Ham and High*, with reservations about the string section, endorse his opinion.

You'd expect the local borough — Camden — to be delighted at this spontaneous growth in West Hampstead. However, one guarantee against loss of £90 and the printing of a run of leaflets hardly seems to qualify as strong support. Not so, said a spokesman of the borough's Art Department: they have a high opinion of the orchestra's standards and, no, there is no truth in the report that a grant had been opposed because classical music was judged 'bourgeois and irrelevant'. The trouble is that the WHSO, the spokesman said, hadn't applied at the right time. Gonski allows an expression of scepticism to cross his face. He was hoping to get £500.

It is hard not to feel that Camden is missing a trick here. A local fully fledged symphony orchestra is surely something to welcome and foster. The concerts are accessible, cheap (£2.50 a time) and popular, and possible extensions are easy to imagine: schools visits, music workshops and more. A bargain, surely, at far more than £500? □

The WHSO programme for 23 March comprises Ligeti's Ramifications for String Orchestra, Marcello's Oboe Concerto and Beethoven's Symphony No 3 in E Flat — Eroica.

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Elsewhere

THE 40 OR 50 MILLION consumers claimed by TV companies for their advertisers conjures a picture of about two and a half Australias patiently hunched to their sets in fascinated concentration. It's a mirage of course. Donald Sinden, newly celebrated for his knighthood-seeking incarnation on **Spitting Image** (ITV), appeared on **Wogan** (BBC-1) this week and gave a wonderful impression of what the average 'viewer' was in fact doing. He got up, turned his back on the camera, looked around him tapping his pockets abstractedly, then got down on his knees and started hunting for something under Wogan's chair. For a wonderful moment everything seemed to have gone wrong on this otherwise insufferable suck-show. Suddenly untidy and diffuse, it offered a momentary reflection of Wogan's 40 million viewers, who happened to be looking under their chairs at the time and so missed the only thing worth watching.

As Sir Donald pointed out, thanks to television, theatre audiences are losing their powers of concentration. When a really big laugh comes half the people fall out of their seats with surprise because they were thinking about something else entirely: what was on the other side, perhaps. The fact is we are all so well versed in the levels of TV originality that 98 per cent of programmes merely fulfil expectations and don't, therefore, have to be 'watched' in anything but the vaguest sense of the word. It is a state of affairs graphically illustrated by Sir Donald as he searched under Terry's chair for his lost audiences. How long before the penny drops and advertisers realise that we are looking somewhere else in our millions these days?

Whether they divert funds to Eddie Shah's new '24 hour' newspaper seems doubtful. Quietly overpowering a respectful panel on **Face the Press** (C4), Shah wanted *positive* news, he said. Glad tidings of profit and great joy! 'Newspapers today are obliged to talk about the things that are wrong for the sake of the readership,' he thought. This was wrong, he said, courting the same readership. The creditably ethnic but reassuringly English-sounding Shah seemed unaware that he was Fleet Street's custom-built stalking horse, their secret, Union-bashing weapon soon to be unveiled by various anonymous right-wing investors. Will the print unions be recognised? 'If that's what the employers want. It's up to them. If they want a closed shop I will go along with that. What worries me is that that is always the first thing that comes up. Eventually new people will come along from outside the industry with new technology . . .' Shah expressed his feelings for the unions most forcefully when sympathising with the plight of the newsagents: 'I think they get a very rough deal. They're up at five o'clock, working to a tiny profit margin and half the time they're waiting there and no newspapers because somebody wanted softer loo paper in some chapel in Fleet Street.' I thought of the resigned expression on the face of my own long-suffering and kindly newsagent when I go to him once a fortnight to enquire about the non-appearance of that well-known loo roll, the *TV Times*, and saw what he meant.

'Mr Eastwood, from a European perspective your film character is very perplexing,' said a member of the audience at the Guardian Lecture **Clint Eastwood** (C4). 'In some films you project a kind of frontier justice, in others you have this very laid back approach to life. I was wondering how you aligned yourself politically.' Poor chap, he was doing all right until he used the word 'align'. Now all Clint had to do to raise a laugh and sway the crowd against our rather astute enquirer was scratch his head a little. 'I try not to align myself too much politically. People who align themselves tend to be not much fun.' It might have been Fast Eddie Shah himself speaking. Was it ironical, the request from the floor for Clint to do his famous catch-phrase from *Dirty Harry*? He didn't want to do it in company, but the punter persisted: 'I've got a gun here and I'm gonna use it . . .' 'All right,' said Clint, rinsing his features of sociability, 'Make my day, punk!'

From The Man With No Name to **The Man Who Went To The Country** (C4), not a Western, but a Desert Island Disc-style retrospective on wilderness-inhabitant Edward Heath (motto: 'To govern is to serve') who played his own selections on organ, including *The Twelve Days of Christmas*, with special twiddly bits for the five gold rings.

Heath took us on a tour of Broadstairs and we got a genuine whiff of Home Service England before the teen and Union breakouts mucked everything up for decent folk. There was his father's semi still, and there was the shop where they bought him his first piano on 48 £1-instalments. It was the same meat-and-two-veg background that Maggie is always pushing. And yet, and yet . . . 'Nobody's ever terrified of *me*,' said Heath apologetically. He would clearly like to have strangled his leader after that famous Champagne victory party of hers: 'People judge you by your personal attitude and there's nothing Saatchi & Saatchi can do about that.'

Like ghosts, we visited his old school without the present pupils being able to see us, apparently. 'Were you any better as an angel than a butler?' asked the interviewer as we studied wall photos of long-ago school plays and saw an unrecognisable slimline Ted with dark hair. 'Oh yes, it all came very naturally,' said Ted.

Suddenly broadening the context, the interviewer wondered how important it had been to Heath's political development for him to be able to see the French coast as a boy. Oh, tremendously, Heath imagined. 'It had a psychological effect.' The cameras panned an invisable French coastline and we got an enjoyable image of an updated *Boyhood of Raleigh* with Ted as a green-suited child making a precocious mental note to voyage across the seas some day and sign a paper that would enable us all to buy over-priced German biscuits in our local supermarkets. □

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Weekend competition

No 2865 Set by Maud Gracechurch

We have always wondered about that 'ballad... to his mistress's eyebrow' that Shakespeare regarded as the most likely poem that a young lover might essay. We'd like excerpts (max. 12 lines) from ballads on this very topic. Deadline Wednesday 3 April.

No 2862 Set by E.O. Parrott

Extracts from the religious services or rituals of groups which have deified living public figures.

Report By Glancing Tom

It's shammy-snapping weather again: time to get ladder and bucket out and make for the open road... though even a cul-de-sac would have its attractions after this place. I must have been out of my tiny. A job, in 1984, where they didn't want references, curricula vitae, an *interview*? My adenoids must have been playing me up not to have smelt a fish like that. Even your entries, this week, offer small comfort: signs of imagination-fatigue from Stockton-on-Tees to Penzance (and total paralysis in Scotland, from the looks of it). Eight quid a head for those of you still kicking.

The congregation shall forgather in a shopping precinct to be led in worship by a little old lady plucked at random from their midst.

She speaks: 'Hear the word of our High Priestess. If it doesn't work, take it back. If that doesn't work, write to me. Thus endeth our instruction from the horse's mouth. Let us pray. O Esther, guard and protect us from all sharks and con-men what try and diddle us something rotten. Grant us wisdom to know that the jumbo size at 89p for 469 grams isn't such good value as the regular size at 47p for 276 grams. Amen.

Then shall there be community singing led by a yodelling dog.

The congregation then celebrate a communion of pickled shark's brains before confessing one to another where they are most ticklish.

The service concludes with a ceremonial moving on by police for causing an obstruction.

V. Ernest Cox

Each service begins with the offertory.

Awed worshippers wave large sums aloft, towards the potently empty space that symbolises the huge and disapproving divine absence of Sir Peter at Glyndebourne or Bayreuth. And from somewhere, from elsewhere, miraculously his voice echoes: 'More!'

Upon this cue, his acolytes writhe wildly, staring, possessed by tongues, crying, 'Give more, more, or he will stop using the unique power of theatre to probe and question our deepest assumptions! There will be no more Marvin Hamlisch musicals! Give more, or he will close some manifestation of his mightiness.'

Token murmurs of provincial dissent are ritually silenced and more money is placed in teetering piles grandiose enough for a Lyttelton set. 'Is it enough?' cries the fearful congregation, until the awful voice announces grudgingly, 'Almost.'

A hymn of rejoicing follows and David Hare delivers an elegant sermon against the craven materialism of late-capitalist culture.

George Simmers

The Ahntee religion has many minor deities, one being Su Lalli — Goddess of Established Truth. Acolytes (Edditahs) emerge from the inner sanctum (Noosrum) bearing The Box, which bears the creed 'NATION SHALL SPEAK NAICE INTONATION'. In it a tongue lies — Su Lalli's sacred relic. One Edditah carries the sacred scroll (Khyew). Believers chant, 'The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.'

In Ahntism there is the highest existential plane (Establee Shment) peopled by Owah Bettahs. Far below exists the mass of believers (Thikkees). Between lies the Meejah (peopled by Haks, Edditahs, Peeahs and Preesentahs) who exist in a state of complete unreality. Through Su Lalli they translate the Bettahs' words to the Thikkees.

Believers gaze for hours at The Box, silent but for cries of 'Uell!', 'Fansee!' or 'Eenevah!'. A high whistle breaks their trance. They hurriedly leave before a dirge (the Khooeen) is played. Only the highest Bettah (Thachah) can stand hearing it.

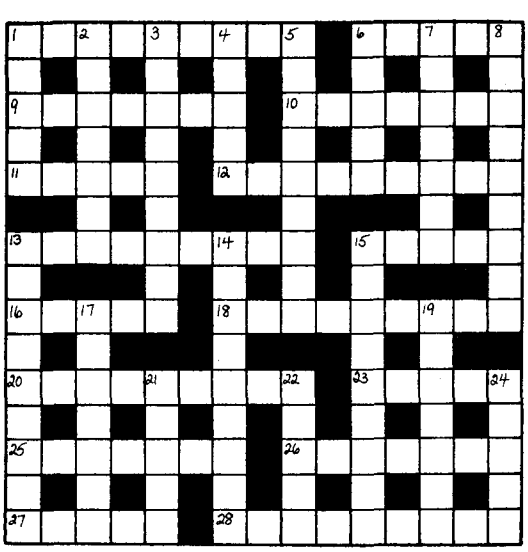
Ken Rudge

Priest: Who's in the Listening Corner today?
Congregation: The Almighty Leon and his agents.
Priest: Truly, He harkens to our every secret of both Heart and Mind to keep us upon the paths of righteousness and truth. May we be found not wanting. May You not hear us whisper the wicked dogma of the Marxist nor the evil tenets of CND. May we not be found supporting the subversive philosophies of the TUC or the Church of England.
Cong: From the ways of Bishops and Archbishops, Good Leon deliver us.
Priest: Wash us blue in the blood.
Cong: Ours is the Tory for ever and ever. Amen.

C. Fever

Weekend Crossword 1473

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1473, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 1 April.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

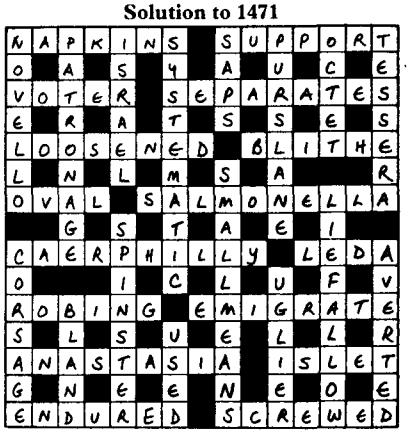
1. Indoctrinate with a garment at the laundry (9)
6. Attempts to throw for the county (5)
9. Welcomes us least awkwardly (7)
10. Has a girl in every port and has to get married to every one? (7)
11. If there were duck in the river it would make the district backward (5)
12. Someone from this district has to turn rough and be in (9)
13. To roar with wild anger is something which recoils on one (9)
15. Assume one is to be found in the correspondence (5)
16. In good time although not cheaply beheaded (5)
18. Worked in late summer and rushed about without a garment (9)
20. Aristocrats take me in to their houses (9)
23. Woman who is back in hot water (5)
25. Meat cooked in ovens (7)
26. You appear among those moving within seeing distance (7)
27. Female who loses her heart in a French town (5)
28. Everyone is caught in the rain but there is less water (9)

DOWN

1. Bowl when the University is batting? (5)
2. Briskly executed with gore spilt on everything (7)
3. No politician carries the wrong tie since it brings ill repute (9)
4. Crime for which priest is beheaded (5)
5. I follow doctor in craving for something good (9)
6. Something baked when it is cold in the city (5)
7. It is cruel to keep everyone in company with us (7)
8. Utter a sad distortion when very wet (9)
13. Composer gets hot when put in vegetable cooker (9)
14. Supporters have their heads broken if they do not take in the money (9)
15. Part with food bit by bit (9)
17. Tale in which no cream is spilt (7)
19. Vehicle which holds a gentleman up in milder weather (7)
21. Misuse of the law as terrible crimes are committed (5)
22. Queen's place for woman with a degree (5)
24. Not a lover but he has a broken heart (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1471



Prizewinners to 1471

John Cameron (Edinburgh)
Tom Maitland (St Leonard's, Sussex)
Megan Rees (Lampeter, Dyfed)

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE LABOUR PARTY
has a short-term vacancy for a
RESEARCH OFFICER
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Arising from the absence of a research officer on maternity leave, there will be a short-term vacancy for a researcher in the Research Department. The area of responsibility includes policy on equal rights (including women's rights, and minority groups); policing policy and crime; general human rights issues; and penal policy and law reform. *The post will last from June 3 until December 13, 1985.*

Duties will include the preparation of research and other papers; the provision of background and campaign information to all sections of the Party; and the servicing of the appropriate advisory committees and groups of the National Executive Committee.

Applicants must have a good understanding, experience and knowledge of the above issues; and have experience in preparing papers on campaigns, and briefing material, on the above and related areas of policy. An Honours Degree, though not essential, would be of considerable advantage.

Applicants must be members of the Labour Party. A background of activity in the Party, and in the wider Labour movement, would also be of considerable advantage.

Application forms are available from the Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London, SE17 1JT. Telephone 01-703 1064. The closing date for applications is 15 April, 1985.

The Labour Party is an equal opportunities employer

CENTRE FOR LOCAL ECONOMIC STRATEGIES
Palatine Chambers
Pinstone Street
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Tel: (0742) 755215 ext 213

This new centre in Manchester is being established by a number of Local Authorities to assist and complement their economic initiatives and thereby to develop economic analysis and strategy on a national basis. The focus of the Centre will be on:

1. Public Sector Employment;
2. The scope and impact of Local Authority economic intervention in the local economy;
3. Other forms of public sector intervention in the local economy;
4. Analysis of the local economy.

The Centre's activities will include major research, seminars, conferences, a regular journal and newsletter, information provision and intervention in national debate on economic strategies.

Applications are now invited for the first two posts (the remaining eight posts will be filled later in 1985).

DIRECTOR (£21,105 x £474(2) — £22,053)

The Director will be responsible to the Centre's board for the work and development of the Centre for Local Economic Strategies. She/he will manage and direct the Centre and will act as its principal spokesperson. Substantial experience in the field of economic strategy will be expected from applicants, together with management skills and a capacity to lead a major innovative project. This appointment will be made on a three-year fixed term contract.

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The Finance and Administration Officer will act as Company Secretary and will be responsible for the design and implementation of all financial and administrative systems within the Centre for Local Economic Strategies. She/he must also have the ability to take an active role in the overall development of the Centre.

Application forms and further particulars are available from the Senior Administration Officer, Employment Department, Palatine Chambers, Sheffield. Closing date — 10 April 1985.

The Centre for Local Economic Strategies is an equal opportunities employer and positively welcomes applications from women and men regardless of their racial, ethnic or national origin, disability, age, sexuality or responsibility for dependants.

All posts are open to job sharing.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS
A vacancy exist as
RESEARCH AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER
for the TUC South East Regional Council based in London.

The scope of the work involves the preparation of documents, committee administration and representation of the TUC at Trade Union and other meetings.

Applications are invited from persons with a commitment to Trade Unionism, and relevant experience and/or qualifications.

Salary is on the scale which starts at **£10,326.14–£13,561.62.**

If you are interested in this position please write, quoting reference SERTUC (2), for an application form and further details to: The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS.

The TUC is an equal opportunities employer.

tass **require as soon as possible, a**
RESEARCH OFFICER

TASS organises both white collar and craft workers in manufacturing industry. The successful applicant will be part of a research team who have a responsibility for recruitment to the union. He/she must have a knowledge of industry and trade unions, preferably combined with practical experience. Candidates must also have a background training/experience which indicates their ability to process material efficiently.

Salary: circa **£10,700** (under review)

Good Working Conditions. **35 hour week.**

Closing date: **8 April 1985.**

Apply in writing, giving details of background and experience to:

Tom Sibley, Head of Research Department, AUEW-TASS, Onslow Hall, Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.

GLC
Working for London

Researchers/Policy Assistants
Employment issues

The infrastructure Unit produces strategic analyses of the London economy as a basis for Council policy and provides support to trade unions, local firms and community groups. The Unit is now seeking people with the proven experience and ability to develop research on issues such as employment related aspects of transport policy, strategy for infrastructure investments, land-use, property and energy policies in relation to employment.

The work broadly entails undertaking research, preparing and presenting reports to committees, translating policies into practice and liaising with the Council and with outside organisations.

A sound understanding of the Council's industry and employment policies is needed, coupled with good organising and drafting skills. Applicants should have a background in working with trade union and community groups and be capable of taking an imaginative approach to problems and initiatives.

Salary: £13,065-£16,545 inclusive.

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer. We invite applications from women and men from all sections of the community, irrespective of their ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation or disability, who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

For an application form, to be returned by 4th April 1985, write to: GLC Director-General's Department, Ref: 5662, Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 2390.

These posts are suitable for job sharing

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APPOINTMENTS

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE SELECTION. Westminster North Labour Party would welcome applications for nominations as parliamentary candidate, as soon as possible. Closing date for nominations – 7 May. Most branches meet second week April. Westminster North policy is to recommend that all affiliates only nominate women or members of ethnic minorities and we have instructed our Executive to regard this as the key factor when shortlisting. Party members are asked to apply accordingly, in particular those who are manual workers. Details (with 50 copies if possible) to Jen McClelland, 39 Chippenham Road, London W9 2AH. Further information: 01-286 9692. Potential candidates interested in meeting Party members in an informal atmosphere are invited to the Labour Rooms, address above, from 6-7.30 pm, Tuesday 9 April.

HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. Cottage overlooking mouth of River Otter and sea (2 mins). Sleeps 4. Gas, TV etc. From £80 p.w. 01-435 0171.

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CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 7 April and 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B & B £67 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, LL27 0QA. Tel Llanrwst (0492) 640566.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT

PUTNEY: GARDEN flat for 3 weeks, 24 March-13 April. Sleeps 3, easy access Central London. £125 p.w. inclusive. 01-789 6030.

PERSONAL

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OSLO, BERGEN & THE FJORDS . . .£160 25 May-2 June.

PEKING. . . Out by plane, return by train £745. 1-21 May, 15 May-4 June

SUMMER ATTRACTIONS

MOSCOW BY TRAIN . . .£190. 11 day holidays leaving every Tuesday from 9 July to 17 September.

ORIENT EXPRESS to the BLACK SEA . . .£155. Dates as Moscow plus 25 June-5 July, 2-12 July

KIEV by train £180 16-26 July, 23 July-2 Aug, 30 July-9 Aug

LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST. . . £180 9-19 July, 13-23 July

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LISTINGS

THURS 21 MAR

LONDON AAM/SATIS Rally to mark 25th Anniversary of Sharpeville Massacre (21 March 1960) when 69 Africans were shot by Apartheid police. 7pm Library, Central Hall, Westminster. Spkrs incl. Solly Smith, ANC, SWAPO, Bishop Trevor Huddlestone, Pres. AAM. **Details: AAM, 13 Mandela St, NW1.**

LONDON Sharpeville Commemoration Meeting org. by Pan African Congress of Azania 7pm Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. Speeches, Poems, Freedom Songs, African Dawn & Brent Black Music Co-op. **Details: 01-459 3063.**

SAT 23 MAR

CHESTERFIELD Alternative Defence Conf. 10am-4pm Chesterfield College of Technology. Spkrs. incl. Phill Gummett, Peter Johnson, David Evans. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 UB40. Creche, vegetarian lunch, refreshments, workshops, exhibition, bar, stalls. Disabled please notify in advance. **Bookings/Details: Buxton 3080 Rob Vincent or 872133 Jan Rockett, Derbyshire Federation of Peace Grps.**

KINGSTON-upon-THAMES Peace Council/ CND Demo. Assemble 11am Kingston Poly, Penrhyn Rd. March through Town Centre against Cruise & Trident. Refreshments after march at Friends Meeting Hs, Eden St.

RICHMOND 'Boycott Apartheid' March & Rally 1pm Richmond Green march to rally Isleworth Green 3pm. Spkrs, music, stalls, refreshments. **Org. Richmond & District AA Grp. 04867 4398 after 7pm.**

LONDON Save the GLC/Miners' Benefit 8pm-11.30pm upstairs The Swan, 31 Stratford Broadway, E15. Little Red Blues Band & Luddy Samms' Deliverers. Tickets: £3/£1 UB40 from **John Lock, 306 High St, E15 1AJ 01-555 0036.**

SUN 24 MAR

CROYDON Concert for Peace and Molesworth actions 8pm The Warehouse, 62 Dingwalls Rd. Tickets: £2/£1.50 UB40 at door. **Org. Graham Baker, 246 Croham Valley Rd, Selsdon, Surrey CR2 7RD. 01-651 1891.**

LONDON 'Latest News and Views from Israel' by Avraham Shenker, Head WZO Dept. of Development & Community Services. 8pm 56 Lymington Rd, NW6. **Details: MAPAM 01-624 4906.**

MON 25 MAR

LONDON 'Science as Fiction' by Maureen McNeil in 'Beneath the White coat' series of fortnightly seminars sponsored by British Soc. for Social Responsibility in Science. 6.30pm The Roebuck, Tottenham Ct. Rd W1.

LONDON Protest from 1-2pm at South Africa House, Trafalgar Sq., org. by SATIS and AA TU. Cttee. in protest at 5-year prison sentence imposed on veteran trade unionist Oscar Mpetha on day of his appeal against sentence.

TUES 26 MAR

LONDON 'Addiction' Meeting of Radical Health Visitors Grp. 7pm Old Coffee House, 49 Beak St, W1. **Details: RHVG, c/o 9 Poland St, W1.**

WED 27 MAR

LONDON 'Labour's Defence Policy' Spkr. Rt. Hon. Denzil Davies. 8pm Pentameters above '3 Horseshoes Pub, 28 Heath St, NW3. **Org. Hampstead CND.**

LONDON 'The Greens & German Politics' 8pm, 129 Seven Sisters Rd, N4. Spkr. Prof. Christopher Harvie. **Org. Islington Fabian Soc, 28b Mildmay Rd, N1. 01-249 3679/251 2251.**

THURS 28 MAR

LONDON 'Equal Pay for Work of Equal Value' by Corinne Sweat of NCCL. 1pm City Centre, 32/34 Featherstone St, EC1. **Details: 01-608 1330.**

LONDON 'Who's taking your Liberties?' Spkrs. CND, NCCL, Anti-racist Working Grp. 8pm Brabant Rd TU Centre, Wood Green, N22. Video 'MI5 Secrets'/bar. **Details: Wood Green CND 01-889 3562.**

FRI 29 MAR

LONDON Protest 1-2pm South Africa House, Trafalgar Sq. 16 UDF Leaders charged with treason will appear in court in S. Africa today. **Details: 01-387 7966.**

LONDON Talking about Rape & Race 7.30pm Tolmers Sq, Community Centre, Foundry Mews, NW1. Spkrs. Ruth Hall, Wilmette Brown. Disabled access, creche, light refreshments. Women Only. **Details: King's Cross Women's Centre, 71 Tonbridge St, WC1. 01-837 7509.**

MARBLE ARCH Anti Cruise Vigil 6-11pm S. Camden CND takes its turn to maintain weekly vigil org. by London Quakers. **Details: Peter Langan 01-380 1534.**

SAT 30 MAR

LONDON 'Women's Reproductive Rights Campaign' meeting 11am-5pm, 52-54 Featherstone St, EC1. Women only to discuss campaign on Powell, Gillick, Warnock. Creche/signers book in advance. Disabled access. **Details: 01-251 6332.**

CROYDON Book/Record Fair in aid of Molesworth actions. 10.30am-12pm St. Mildred's Church Hall, Bingham Rd, Addiscombe. **Org. Croydon CND 01-651 1891.**

LONDON International Fdn. Left Europe, UK Grp. AGM & Meeting with Labour MEPs. 2.30pm 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. **Details: 05827 5399.**

GLASGOW Land for the People – one day conf. Third Eye Centre, Sauchiehall St. **Advance booking £2/£1 UB40 from Janet Law, The Lodge, Blackford, Perthshire.**

BIRMINGHAM FREEZE – 1st National Assembly of British Nuclear Weapons Freeze, Digbeth Civic Hall. **Details: 82 Colston St. Bristol 0272 276435.**

LONDON 'Lesbian & Gays support the miners – the way forward' Conf. 10.30am-5pm London Lesbian & Gay Centre, 67-69 Cowcross St, EC1. Disabled access/signers. Spkrs: Dai Donovan, Dulais Valley NUM, Vicky Smales, Rhodesia Women's Action Grp. (Notts), Geoff Coupe, Rugby Cncl. Lab. Grp. Adm. £3/£1 UB40. Plus Evening Social 6pm Benefit reading of 'Shoot' by Nigel Young. **Details: Mike Jackson, c/o 346 Marlborough Rd, N19 4NB. 01-833 4785/272 1695.**

FORTHCOMING

1-7 APR DARLINGTON Peace Week. Details: Dorothy Long 0325 55755.

2 APR CROYDON Meeting on Moledworth 8pm Friends Meeting Hs. Park La. **Org. Croydon CND 01-651 1891.**

2 APR GREENWICH Meeting to set up Bexley & Greenwich branch of Socialist Health Assoc. Spkr. Joy Mostyn 7.30pm Town Hall, Wellington St, SE18. **Org. SHA, 195 Walworth Rd, SE17 1RP 01-703 6838/704 4706.**

2 APR NORTH LONDON Meeting to set up branch of Socialist Health Assoc. 8pm Red Rose Centre, 129 Seven Sisters Rd, N7.

13-14 APR LONDON 2nd Politics of Bisexuality Conf. 10am-5pm Lesbian & Gay Centre, 67-69 Cowcross St, EC1M 6BP. Tickets: £2.50 for wkend (£2 in advance), one day: £1.50/50p UB40. Creche/accommodation available/disabled access. **Details: BM/BI London, WC1N 3XX.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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COURSES

Courses in West Indian Sociology

The Centre for Caribbean Studies is offering **3 Summer courses**, designed to assist **Social Workers, Teachers, Probation Officers, Magistrates** and indeed any professionals whose work brings them into contact with this particular minority group, especially with regard to decision-making which affects them. As before, courses have been arranged in direct response to requests from professionals who are aware of the lack of knowledge in this area of work.

The first of these courses is part-time and begins on **Friday 3 May 1985**. The other two are week-long block courses beginning on **Monday 13 May and Monday 10 June 1985**.

Further details, including information re. bursaries offered by the Centre, in celebration of its *10th anniversary* this year, are obtainable from: **Mrs J. Benn, Director/Co-ordinator, Centre for Caribbean Studies, Caribbean House, 76-80 Bridport Place, Shoreditch Park, London N1 5DS. Tel: 01-729 0986.**

HEARTSEARCH

A MAN who will share the colour of my butterfly life, the disorder of my creative brain, the fun of my spontaneity, respecting my honesty, enjoying my physical energy. Box (11) 0481.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

A SINGLE MAN, early 30s, intelligent, creative, amazingly modest, interested in most things arty, seeks compatible woman, with sense of independence and humour. Box (12)0508.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT female, 40, painting in southern rural France, August, needs male companion, 30-45, maybe suit walker, writer, painter. . .? But lets meet now. Box (12)0500.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, professional woman (40) with 16-year-old son, would like to meet male counterpart. Interests politics, education, literature and sport. Lancs/Yorks. Box (11) 0485.

ATTRACTIVE (?) divorced female lecturer, 32, convinced there's more to life than kids and work! Seeks professional, solvent, humorous, intelligent Merseyside man to prove same. Box (12)0510.

ATTRACTIVE MALE socialist, 38, interests: music, chess, badminton, country pubs, seeks slim, sensual, loving girl friend, for lasting relationship. SE London. Box (12)0498.

BRIGHT AND beautifullish, warm and witty, designer/writer lady, 47, Cambs. Tallish, leftish, independent, philosophic, real, sometimes lonely. Would like to meet congenial man. Box (12)0507.

BUSY, PROFESSIONAL woman, 46, div., with interesting and rewarding career, beautiful home, cultural interests, seeks similar unattached man, for fulfilling relationship. *London.* Box *(10)*0432.

CREATIVE MALE (28), interests: cinema, books, music (Joy Division, Smiths, Cocteau Twins, to Latin Plainchant), pubs, talking, listening, seeks female, 20-35ish (could be a single parent) for friendship, possibly permanent relationship, Manchester area. Box (12)0496.

CUDDLY, SHY male, 29, seeks caring female for friendship and perhaps more lasting relationship. Warm and friendly personality more important than looks. Children welcome. Interests: music, countryside, politics. NE England or anywhere. Box (11) 0469.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DEDICATED FEMALE academic, 33, bewildered socialist, interests include Third World development, seeks man, view lasting relationship,. The snag? — I live in Canberra. Box (12)0497.

IF YOU are male, living in the West Midlands area, of left-wing persuasion, late 20s, early 30s and don't talk about 'girls' or 'ladies', when you mean women, this socialist/feminist woman would like to know. Box (12)0495.

MALE, 43, 5' 10", graduate, socialist and active trade unionist. Separated, seeks lively, attractive, 30s female for friendship/relationship. West Yorkshire area. Write and tell me about yourself. Box (12)0499.

MALE, 44, good-looking, unsatisfactorily *married, seeks warm and understanding* female, 30s, who may be similarly placed, for full and loving relationship. Box (11)0472.

MALE GRADUATE linguist, young 50, living in Peterborough area, interested in almost everything except party politics — non-smoker, anxious to meet slim, intelligent woman with sense of humour, 35/45, and not too many hang-ups. Photo welcomed. Box (12)0501.

NOT A HAS-BEEN, more a never-was, not bad-looking, greenish, leftish, somewhat introspective, socially unsmooth, 41 yr-old *London woman with sense of fun, bicycle and* two cats, seeks non-smoking close friend/partner with telephone. Box (11)0468.

PRESENTABLE YORKSHIRE-based man, non-sexist, young 45, in open marriage, seeks woman who also has love to spare, for open friendship (dining, theatre, music?), hopefully more. Box (12)0512.

PROFESSIONAL LADY, London, divorced, happy and caring, with a wide range of interests, seeks gentleman, 50-65 years, for mutually sustaining relationship. Box (11)0442.

UNATTACHED MALE

Attractive, 29, workaholic, well travelled, interested in politics, arts, food and wine, would like to spend stimulating escapist weekends with easy-going, sensual and *articulate woman, 21 + . Edinburgh based* but willing to travel.

Box (12)0511

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, PhD, 30, attractive, varied interests, looking for a lady for *companionship, relations, perhaps marriage.* Glasgow, anywhere. Box (12)0516.

WANTED — TALL, solvent London male, age immaterial, for wining, dining, jolly jaunts and loving evenings. Photo appreciated. Box (12)0494.

WELL-EDUCATED *man wishes to make the* acquaintance of a Frenchwoman. He is married to an understanding wife, is aged 55, lives in Sevenoaks, works in central London. Would be an enjoyable and warm-hearted friend. Box (12)0515.

YOUNG WOMAN in her fifties, living South London, quite attractive, now unattached and lonely, would like to meet tall, uncommitted chap with sense of humour for wining, dining, talking, visiting theatres, operas, etc. No desire to rush things; it would just be good to have a few laughs again. Box (11)0456.

PURSUITS

ANY WRITER of serious fiction, drama, feeling isolated and wishing discuss, criticise own and others work, monthly London pub meetings, please write. Box (12)0509.

MALE GRADUATE 25, classical music lover, seeks similar friends for concert, opera, theatre visits; also correspondence or friendship with Italian speakers. Merseyside/Manchester. Box (09)0357.

PROFESSIONAL ASIAN, solvent, socialist, 40, interests reading, writing, talks by writers, travel, needs female companion to share pursuits, London based. Interest in India useful. Box (11)0478.

APPEALS

HUNT SABOTEURS SAVE LIVES! Non-violent direct action against all blood sports. Nationwide group network. Donations, enquiries: P.O. Box 19, London SE22.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHO-THERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 24 Mar. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Death and After'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

GUILDHALL BOOKSHOP, York St, Twickenham. SW London's largest secondhand bookshop. Politics, sociology, psychology, theology, history, art, travel, literature, fiction, natural history. . . Personal callers only, Mon.-Sat. 10.00-5.30.

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WINGHALE BOOKS: *specialists in 19th/20th* Century British Politics and Political History. Catalogues: Grassmere Cottage, Brigg Road, South Kelsey, Lincolnshire.

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IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

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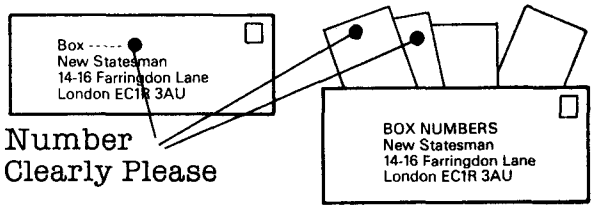

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